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The
ROCKETEER
THE OFFICIAL MOVIE ADAPTATION
© Dave Stevens 1991

The ROCKETEER

A Graphic Novel Written by Peter David

Illustrated by Russ Heath

Lettered by Gaspar Saladino

Colored by Christine Shearer

Production by Cris Palomino,
Bill Riling and Carl Gafford

Edited by Bob Foster

Based on the Motion Picture from Walt Disney Pictures

Executive Producer
Larry Franco

Based Upon the Comic Book Series
"The Rocketeer" Created by
Dave Stevens

Story by
Danny Bilson & Paul De Meo & William Dear

Screenplay by
Danny Bilson & Paul De Meo

Produced by
Lawrence Gordon, Charles Gordon and Lloyd Levin

Directed by
Joe Johnston

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The Official Movie Adaptation
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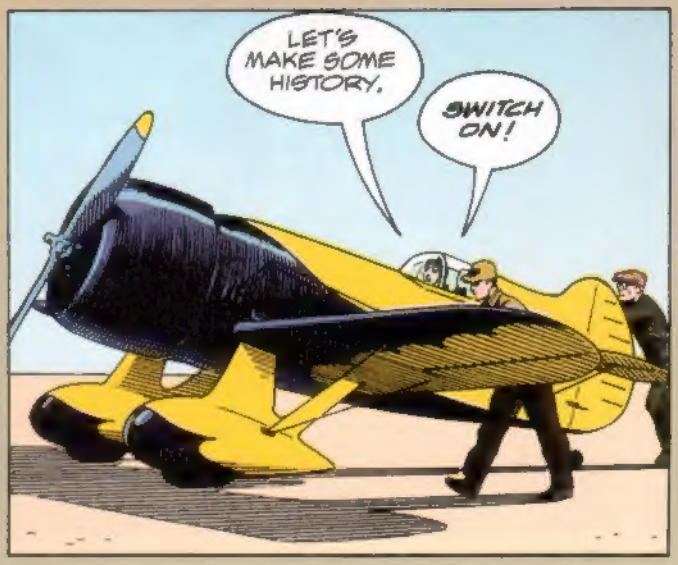
STORAGE
SERVICE
...AND KEEP HER STRAIGHT AND LEVEL. DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU GETTIN' FANCY, FIRST TIME UP.
WHO, ME?

KN2890

REMEMBER, SHE STALLS AT AROUND A HUNDRED. KEEP YOUR AIR SPEED UP OR SHE'LL WALLOW ALL OVER THE SKY. IF...
PEEVY, I HAVE FLOWN A PLANE OR TWO, YOU KNOW.
NOT LIKE THIS ONE! AND TAKE THAT GUM OUTTA YOUR MOUTH.

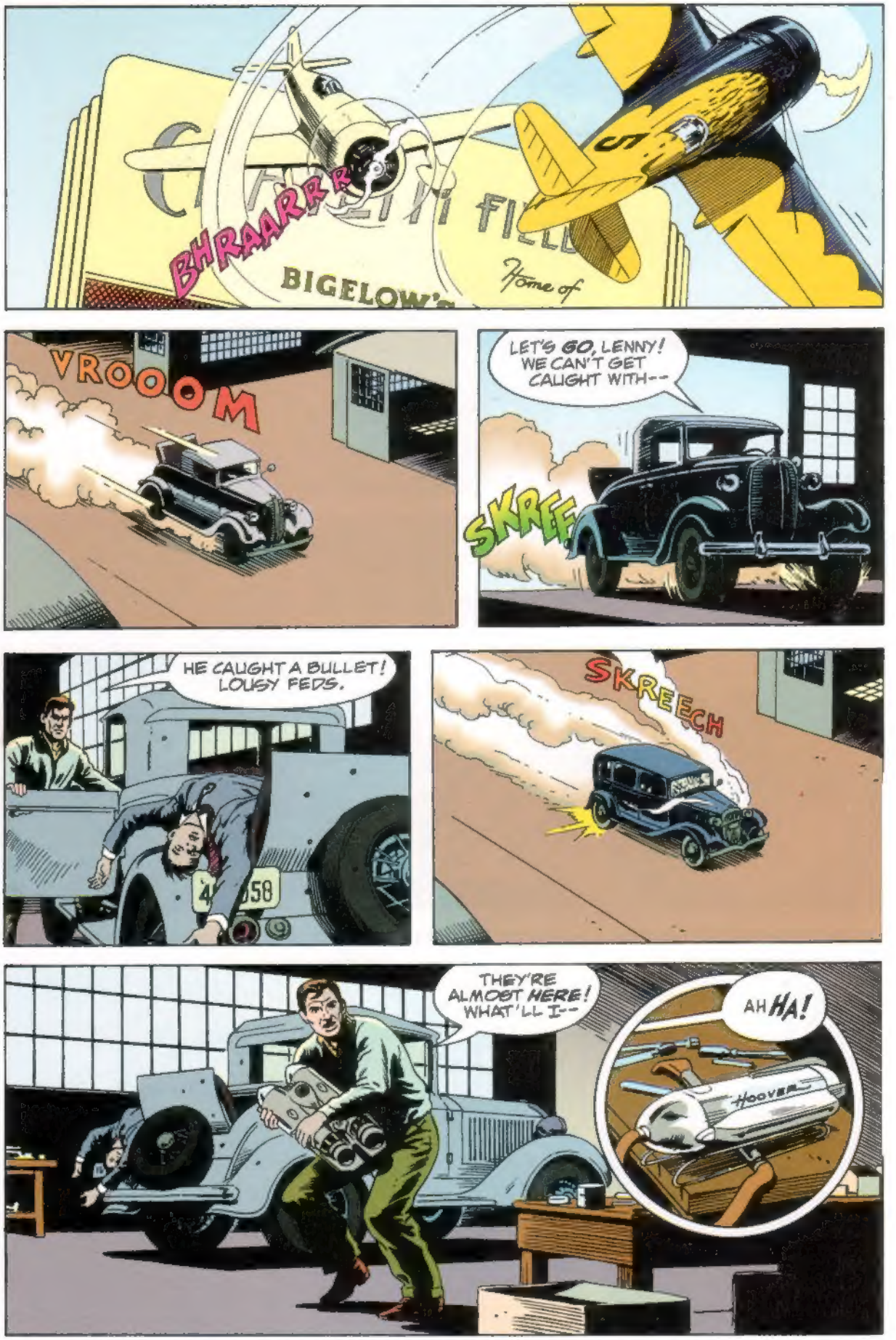
THAT'S FRESH PAINT!
YOU WANT ME TO CRASH?
YOU AND YOUR LAME-BRAINED SUPERSTITIONS, CHEWIN' GUM AIN'T GONNA KEEP YOU IN THE AIR.

TREAT HER RIGHT, CLIFF, AND SHE'LL FLY US ALL THE WAY TO THE NATIONALS.

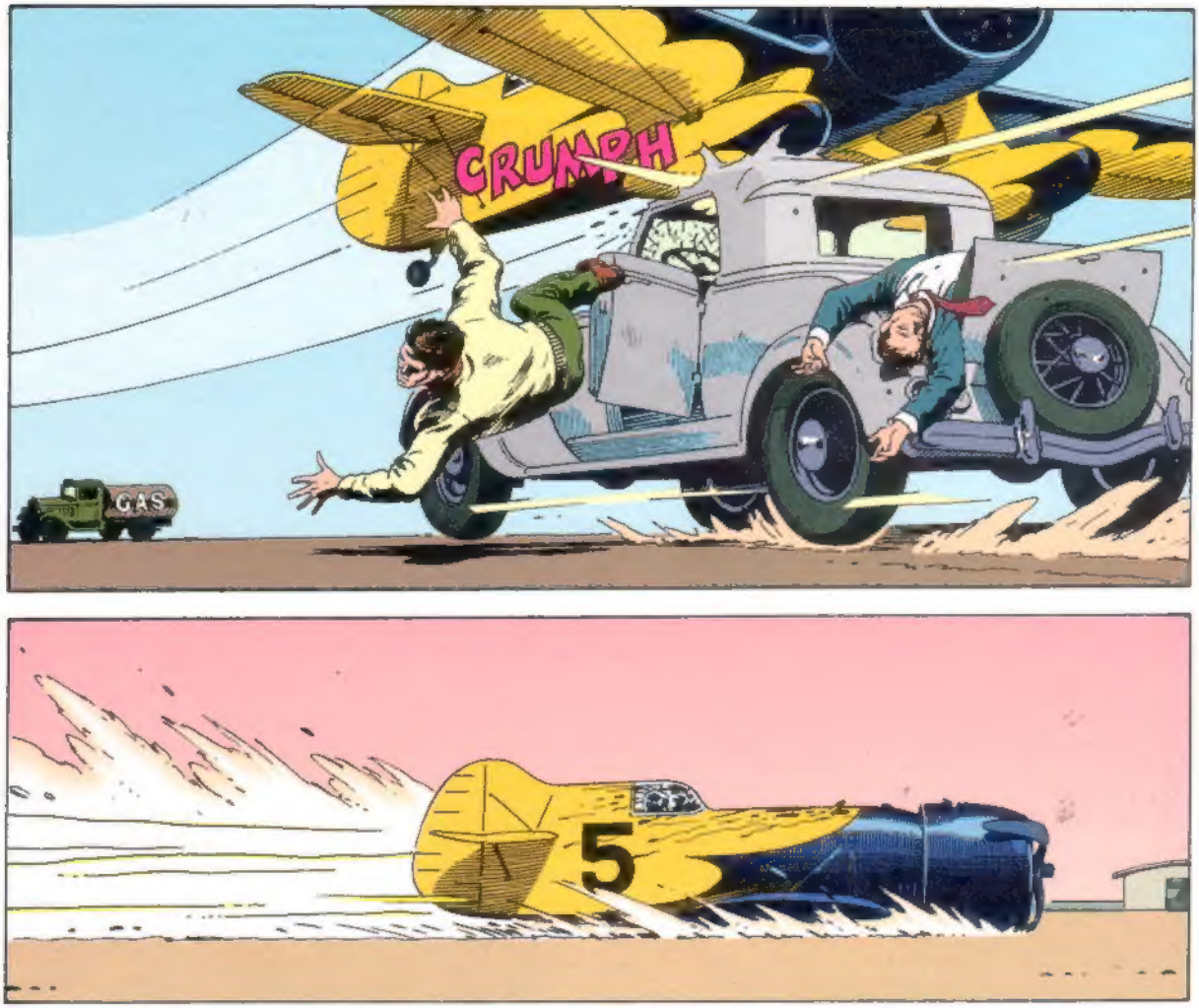

LET'S MAKE SOME HISTORY.
SWITCH ON!

AT THAT MOMENT...
BUDDA BUDDA
BAM!
BAM!
KEEP FIRING! I'M GONNA TRY AND LOSE THOSE CRUMMY FEDS!
BUDDA
VROOOM
TAKKA
AH, NUTS!
SKREEE E
KA-THUNK!
THEY'RE COMIN' FROM THE AIR, TOO! GET 'EM!
SO FAR, SO GOOD. YOUR LUCK'S HOLDING FOR ME, JENNY.

BUDDA BUDDA
AW, NO... DON'T DIE ON ME NOW...
SPUT - SPUT
EASY DOES IT... NO MORE SURPRISES, OKAY?
OIL! I BLEW A ROD! I CAN'T SEE!
OH, WHAT ELSE CAN GO WR--
CRASH!
AAAAAAA

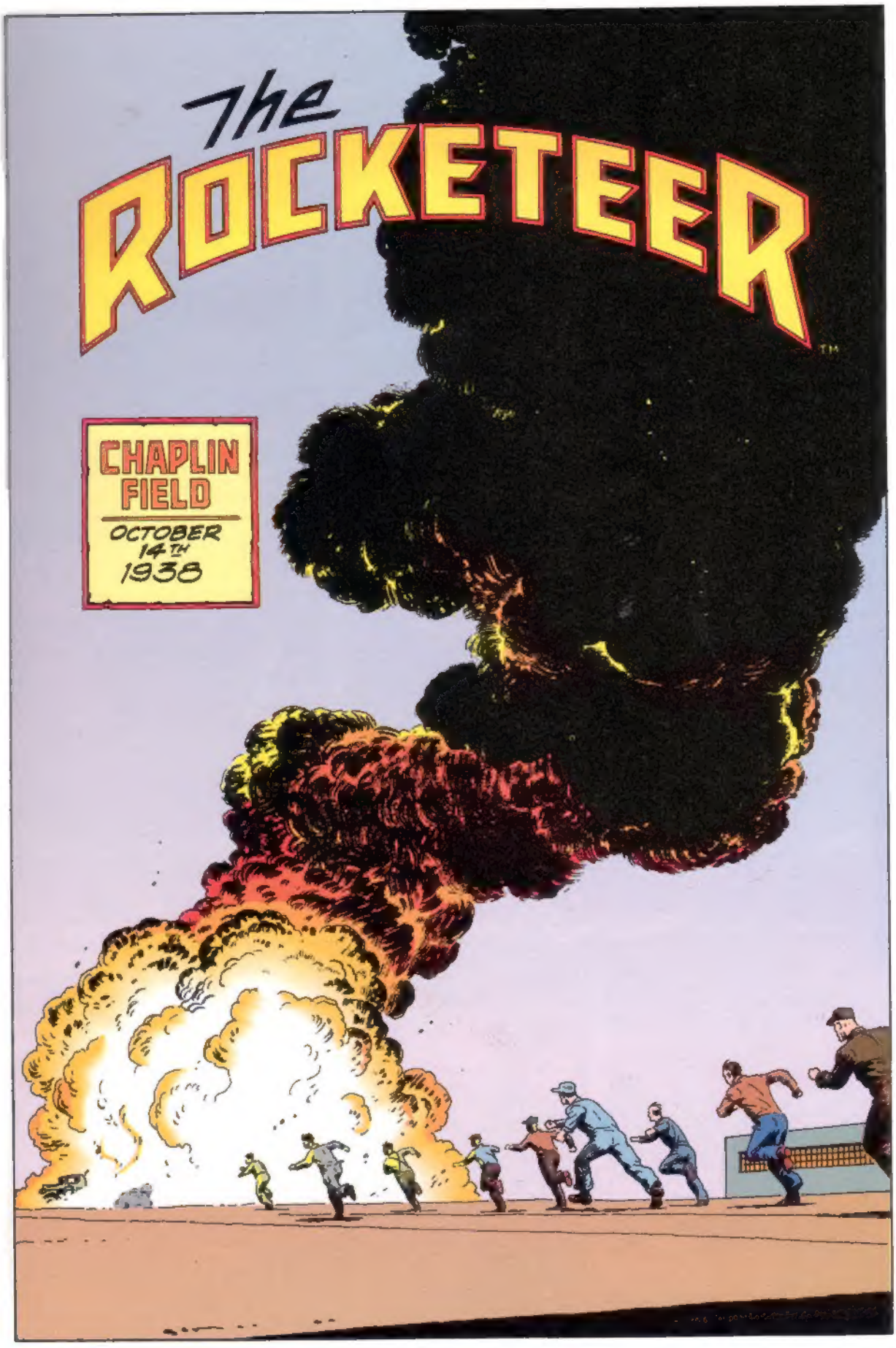

BHRAARRR
BIGELOW'S
Home of
VROOOM
LET'S GO, LENNY! WE CAN'T GET CAUGHT WITH--
SKREE
HE CAUGHT A BULLET! LOUSY FEDS.
SKREECH
THEY'RE ALMOST HERE! WHAT'LL I--
AH HA!
HOOVER

SOMETHING AIN'T RIGHT--!
ACK *COUGH*
HALT! FBI!
BLAM BLAM
UNNHH!
AWWWW NO!


CRUMPH
GAS

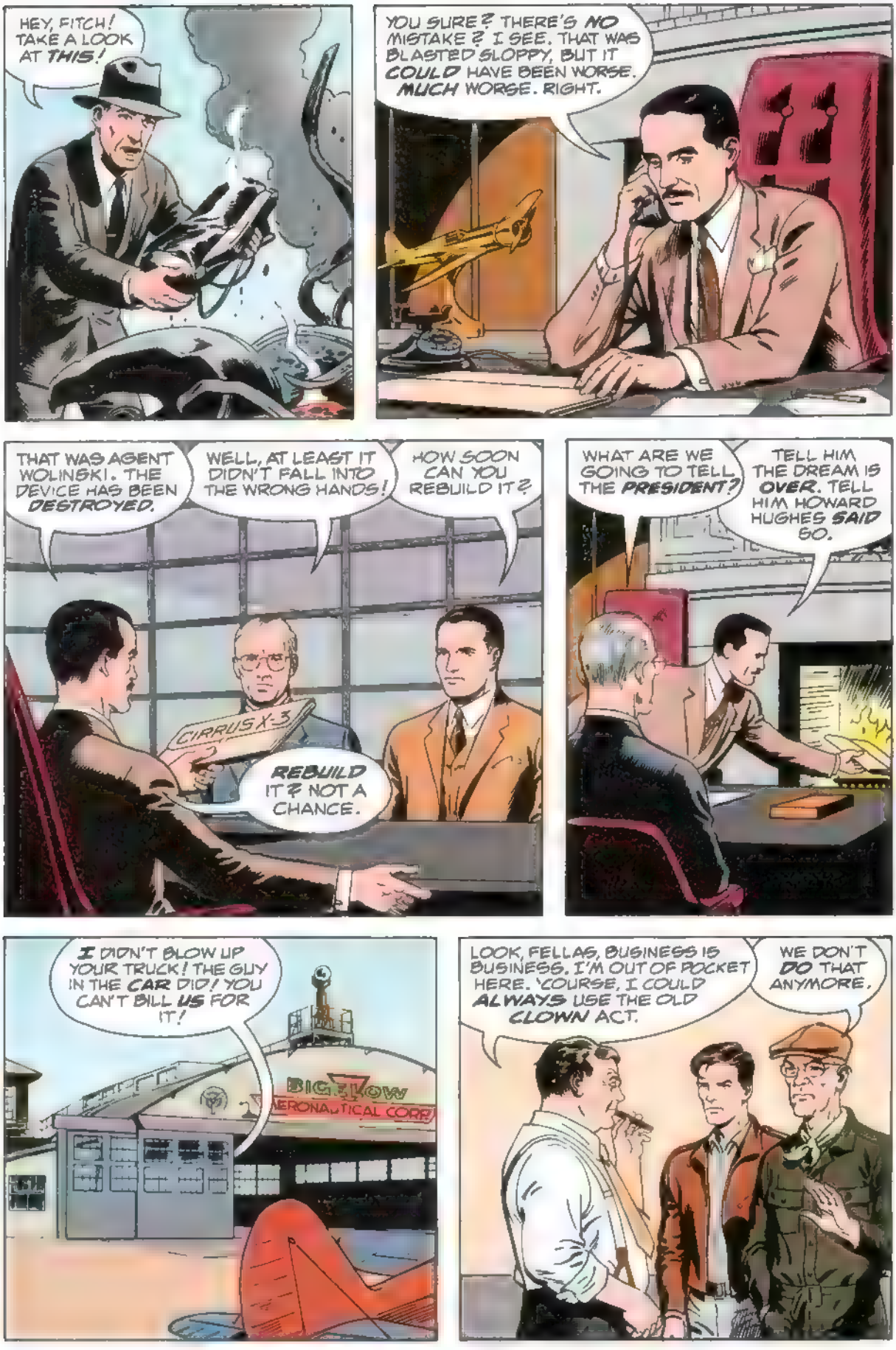
5

BROOOM


The
ROCKETEER
CHAPLIN FIELD
OCTOBER 14TH 1938

HURRY! HURRY!
GET THE FLAMES OUT, MALCOLM, BEFORE THEY HIT THE FUEL TANK!
PEEVY! GOOSE! SOME LANDING, HUH?
Love from your Lady Luck
LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT: YOU CHASE SOME TWO-BIT THUGS ONTO OUR RUNWAY, THEY CRASH INTO MY PILOT, AND IT'S OUR FAULT?
THAT PLANE TOOK US THREE YEARS TO BUILD AND EVERY DIME WE HAD.
GO FILE A CLAIM WITH UNCLE SAM.

AND WAIT SIX MONTHS OR A YEAR? WE MAKE OUR LIVING WITH THAT PLANE!
SO MAYBE IT'S TIME TO GET A REAL JOB.
UNNHH...
RELAX, JOE LOUIS.
YOU GET THAT ONE FOR FREE, KID. BUT ANY MORE LIKE THAT AND YOU'LL BE EATIN' SOFT FOOD FOR A MONTH. CLEAR?
GUY HANGS ONE ON MY KISSER AND YOU LET HIM WALTZ.
MAYBE YOU HAD IT COMING.
YOUR PAL IN THE RUMBLE SEAT'S PLAYIN' HIS HARP. IF YOU MAKE IT TO COUNTY GENERAL, YOUR NEXT STOP'S ALCATRAZ. SO SPILL. WHERE'S THE PACKAGE?
BLOWN TO HELL. GO LOOK FOR IT.


HEY, FITCH! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!
YOU SURE? THERE'S NO MISTAKE? I SEE. THAT WAS BLASTED SLOPPY, BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE. MUCH WORSE. RIGHT.
THAT WAS AGENT WOLINSKI. THE DEVICE HAS BEEN DESTROYED.
WELL, AT LEAST IT DIDN'T FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS!
HOW SOON CAN YOU REBUILD IT?
CIRRUS X-3
REBUILD IT? NOT A CHANCE.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO TELL THE PRESIDENT?
TELL HIM THE DREAM IS OVER. TELL HIM HOWARD HUGHES SAID SO.
I DIDN'T BLOW UP YOUR TRUCK! THE GUY IN THE CAR DID! YOU CAN'T BILL US FOR IT!
BIGELOW AERONAUTICAL CORP
LOOK, FELLAS, BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. I'M OUT OF POCKET HERE. 'COURSE, I COULD ALWAYS USE THE OLD CLOWN ACT.
WE DON'T DO THAT ANYMORE.

SURE WE DO. FIFTEEN BUCKS A SHOW, RIGHT?
TEN. FIVE GOES AGAINST YOUR BILL.
CLIFF, ARE YOU OFF YOUR NUT? DOIN' THE CLOWN ACT MEANS GOIN' UP IN MABEL! SHE'S A FLYIN' COFFIN!
I'LL GO REAL, REAL EASY ON HER. SHE NEVER LET US DOWN BEFORE.
THERE'S MORE SPIT AND BAILING WIRE HERE THAN AIRPLANE--
I CAN FLY A SHOE-BOX IF IT'S GOT WINGS!
OWW!
WHAT?
The Fearless Freep
WHAT'VE YOU GOT THERE?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT'S HEAVY.
THAT'S MY DUFFEL BAG!

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IT IS?
CLIK
FWOOOSH
LET'S GET IT BACK ON THE WORKBENCH.
YOU FIRST.
SPUT-SPUT
NEVER SEEN NOTHIN' LIKE THIS--!
YOU SMELL THAT? IT BURNS ALCOHOL. WHAT'S THE CRAZY THING FOR?

SO WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME IS THAT YOU FAILED. CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG...
THE FEDS SHOWED UP LIKE FLIES AT A BARBEQUE. ONE OF MY BOYS GOT ICED. THE OTHER'S AT COUNTY GENERAL IN INTENSIVE CARE.
IF HE DECIDES TO TALK, IT COULD BE AWKWARD FOR BOTH OF US.
THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SIMPLE SNATCH AND GRAB! YOU AIN'T NEVER SAID NOTHIN' ABOUT NO FEDS!
QUADRUPLE NEGATIVE. EXTRAORDINARY.
THE "FEDS" ARE THE LEAST OF OUR CONCERNS. WE HAVE TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ROCKET.
WILMER'S THE ONLY ONE THAT KNOWS FOR SURE.
THEN WE SHALL HAVE TO ASK HIM.
LOOK, I GOT HALF A MIND TO PULL OUT! MY BOYS ARE GETTIN' BLOODY, AND I DON'T LIKE IT!
WHAT YOU FANCY HAS NO BEARING HERE.
YEAH? WELL, WHAT I DON'T "FANCY" IS TAKING MORE CRAPOLA OFF A LIMEY FRUITCAKE LIKE YOU!
IF WE FIND THE ROCKET, CONSIDER YOUR PRICE DOUBLED. FAIR?
UH... FAIR.
GOOD EVENING, MR. VALENTINE.

KEE-RAASSH
CLIFF!

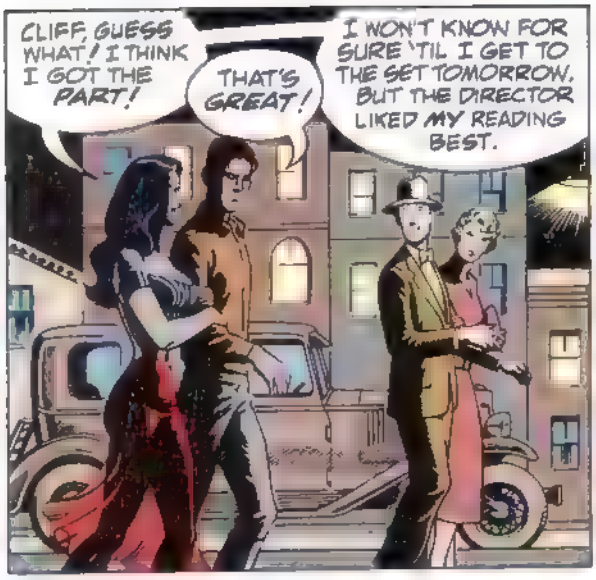
WHY DID I LISTEN TO YOU? I SHOULD'VE FLOWN IT MYSELF.
YOU'D BE HALFWAY TO THE MOON BY NOW, OR YOU'D HAVE CRASHED YOURSELF--

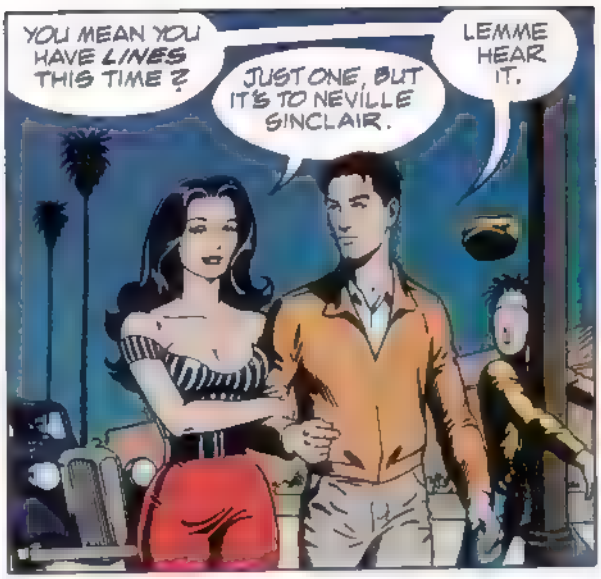
--INSTEAD OF THIS STATUE OF LINDBERGH WE SWIPED.
PEEVY, WE CAN MAKE REAL MONEY HERE. NOT TEN BUCKS A SHOW.

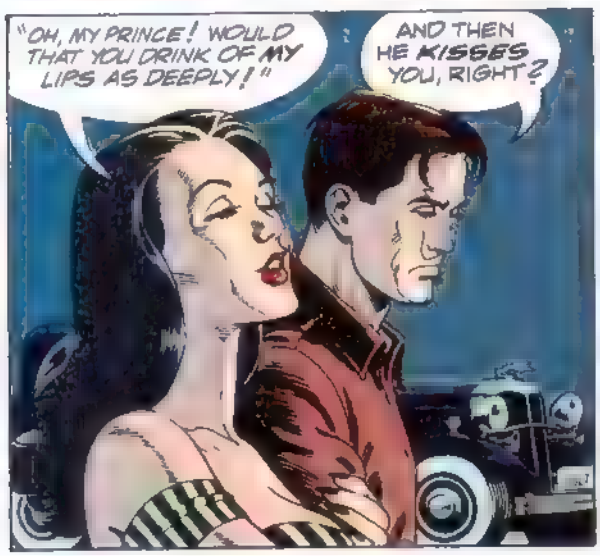
CLIFF, ARE YOUR EYES PAINTED ON? THAT THING'S LIKE STRAPPING NITRO ON YOUR BACK.
I THINK YOU NEED YOUR BRAINS COUNTED.

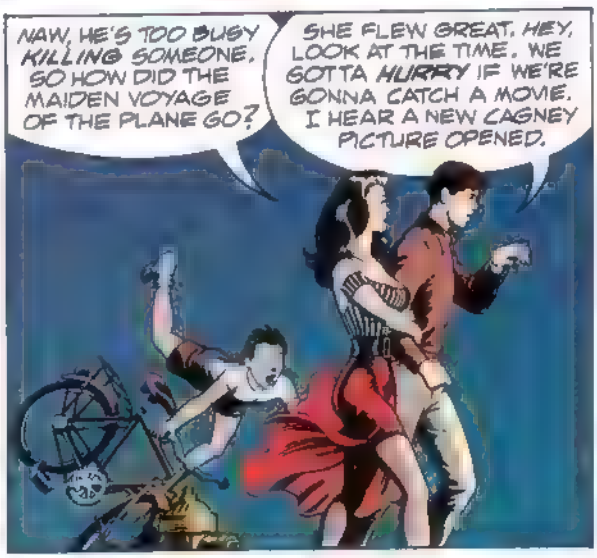
I THINK WE NEED A HELMET!

A CAR'S HONKING OUTSIDE.
WHOSE IS IT?
DON'T START.
YOURS. STILL SEEING CLIFF SECORD, HUH?

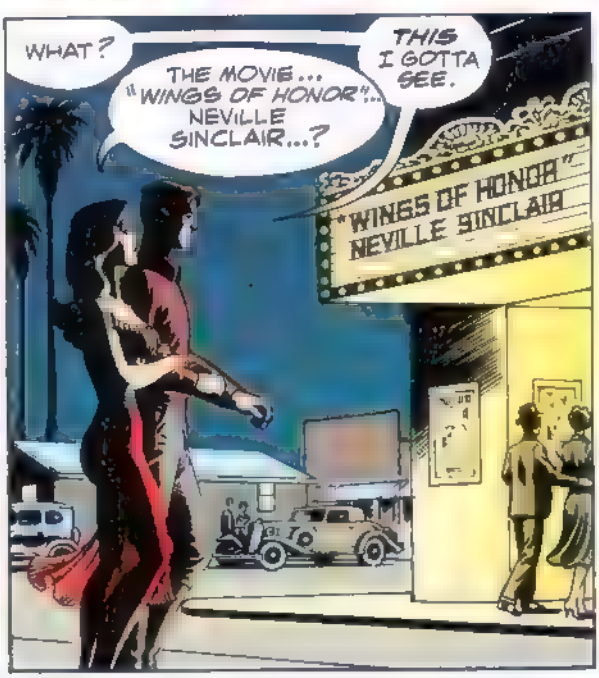

CLIFF, GUESS WHAT! I THINK I GOT THE PART!
THAT'S GREAT!
I WON'T KNOW FOR SURE 'TIL I GET TO THE SET TOMORROW. BUT THE DIRECTOR LIKED MY READING BEST.

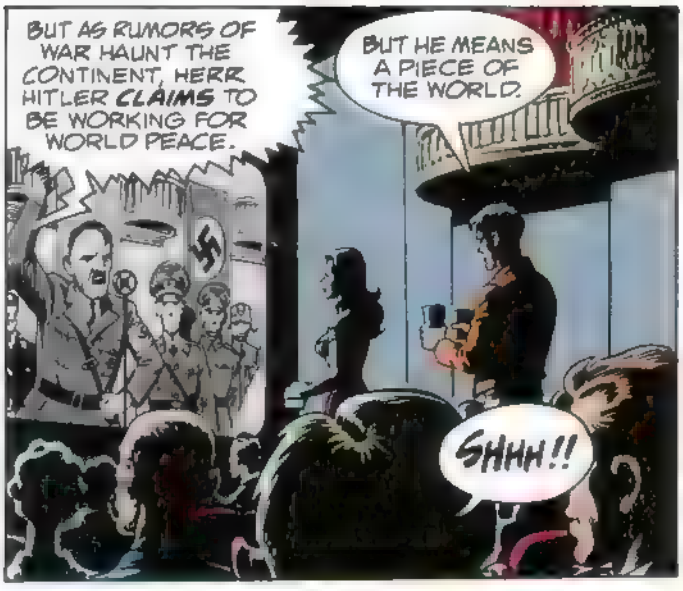

YOU MEAN YOU HAVE LINES THIS TIME?
JUST ONE, BUT IT'S TO NEVILLE SINCLAIR.
LEMME HEAR IT.

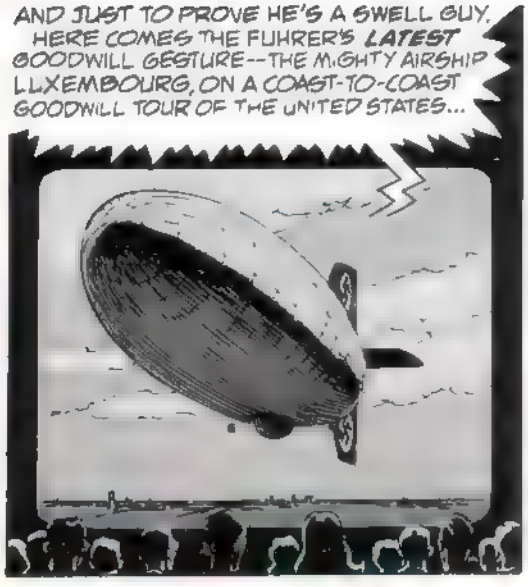

"OH, MY PRINCE! WOULD THAT YOU DRINK OF MY LIPS AS DEEPLY!"
AND THEN HE KISSES YOU, RIGHT?


NAW, HE'S TOO BUSY KILLING SOMEONE. SO HOW DID THE MAIDEN VOYAGE OF THE PLANE GO?
SHE FLEW GREAT. HEY, LOOK AT THE TIME. WE GOTTA HURRY IF WE'RE GONNA CATCH A MOVIE. I HEAR A NEW CAGNEY PICTURE OPENED.

SO DID A NEW NEVILLE SINCLAIR PICTURE.
AW, JENNY, CAGNEY'S BETTER. YOU WOULDN'T CATCH HIM WALKING POODLES IN THE PARK OR...
OR BEING SHOT DOWN BEHIND ENEMY LINES.


WHAT?
THE MOVIE... "WINGS OF HONOR"... NEVILLE SINCLAIR...?
THIS I GOTTA SEE.
"WINGS OF HONOR" NEVILLE SINCLAIR


BUT AS RUMORS OF WAR HAUNT THE CONTINENT, HERR HITLER CLAIMS TO BE WORKING FOR WORLD PEACE.
BUT HE MEANS A PIECE OF THE WORLD.
SHHH!!

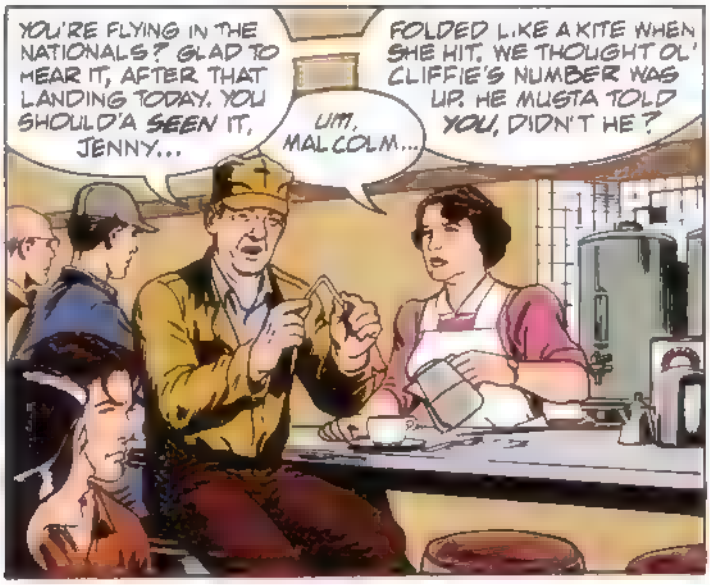

AND JUST TO PROVE HE'S A SWELL GUY, HERE COMES THE FUHRER'S LATEST GOODWILL GESTURE--THE MIGHTY AIRSHIP LUXEMBOURG, ON A COAST-TO-COAST GOODWILL TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES...

YOUR GEEBEE COULD FLY CIRCLES AROUND THAT THING.
YEAH. WOULDN'T THAT BE A SCREAM.

AAARRRH
HOSPITAL QUIET

IT CAME FROM THE ROOM WITH THE MAN THE FBI AGENTS BROUGHT IN!
KEEP BACK!

SOMEONE MUST HAVE WANTED INFORMATION FROM THIS GUY PRETTY BAD.
THAT'S RIGHT. AND HE TOLD ME THAT HE STASHED THE PACKAGE AT THE AIRFIELD, IN A PLANE IN A HANGAR THERE.
THE BOSS'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR IT.
AND GET THIS, FELLAS! AT THE END OF THE MOVIE, HE FLIES OVER THE ENEMY TRENCHES AND DROPS A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE. RIGHT, JENNY?
IT WAS SYMBOLIC, CLIFF! HE WAS BEING CHIVALROUS.
BULL DOG CAFE
EATS
TAMALES
ICE CREAM
ELEGANT DINING HERE AT THE BULLDOG. ONCE IN A WHILE IT WOULDN'T HURT TO TRY A NEW PLACE, AWAY FROM THE AIRFIELD.
WHAT'LL IT BE? THE COPA? HOW 'BOUT THE SOUTH SEAS CLUB WHILE YOU'RE DREAMING.
HOW ABOUT A REAL NIGHT OUT AFTER YOU WIN THE NATIONALS?


YOU'RE FLYING IN THE NATIONALS? GLAD TO HEAR IT, AFTER THAT LANDING TODAY. YOU SHOULD'A SEEN IT, JENNY...
UM, MALCOLM...
FOLDED LIKE A KITE WHEN SHE HIT. WE THOUGHT OL' CLIFFIE'S NUMBER WAS UP. HE MUSTA TOLD YOU, DIDN'T HE?

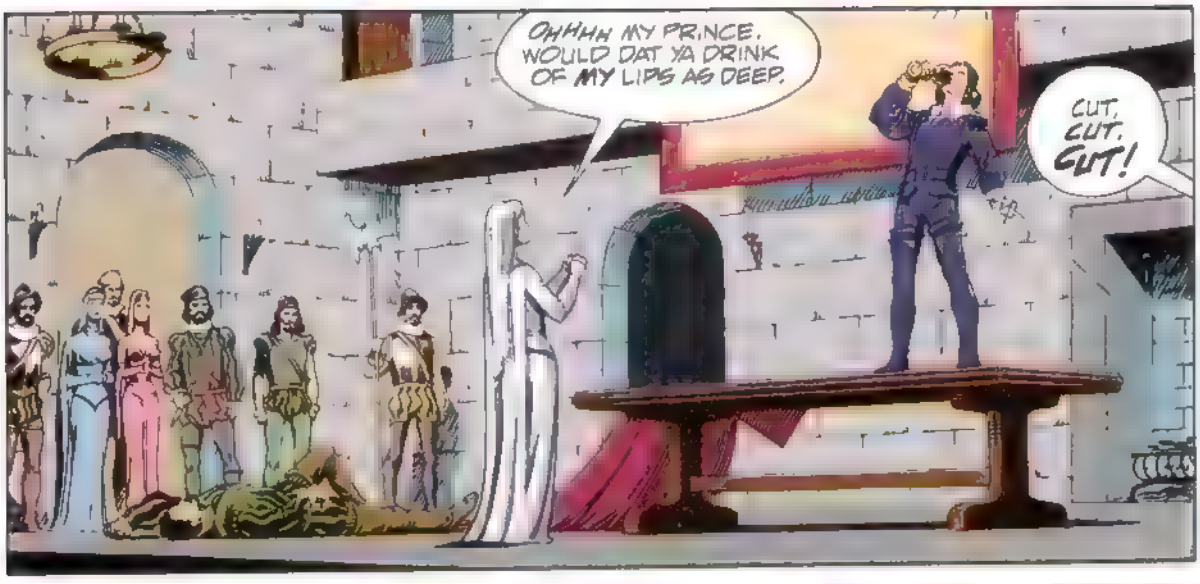
I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU.
WHEN? AFTER THE MILKMAN FOUND OUT?
I DIDN'T WANT TO SPOIL OUR EVENING.

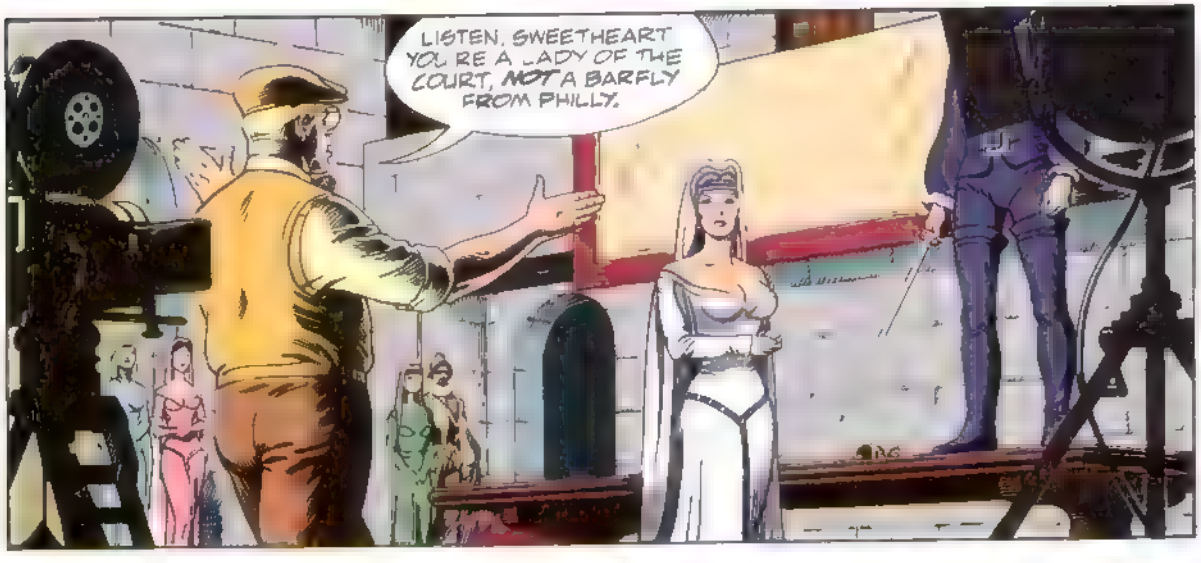
STOP TREATING ME LIKE A CHINA CUP! WHEN SOMETHING GOES WRONG, I SHOULD BE THE FIRST TO KNOW, NOT THE LAST.
HONEY, EVERYBODY ELSE KNOWS BECAUSE THEY WERE THERE!

I HAD AN AUDITION! IT WAS IMPORTANT!
YEAH, LIKE THE TIME I FLEW THE REGIONALS. YOU HAD A BIG PART. YOU STOOD BEHIND MYRNA LOY WITH A BOWL OF GRAPES.

'NIGHT, MILLIE. THANKS FOR THE SOUP.

JENNY!
3107


OHHHH MY PRINCE. WOULD DAT YA DRINK OF MY LIPS AS DEEP.
CUT, CUT, CUT!

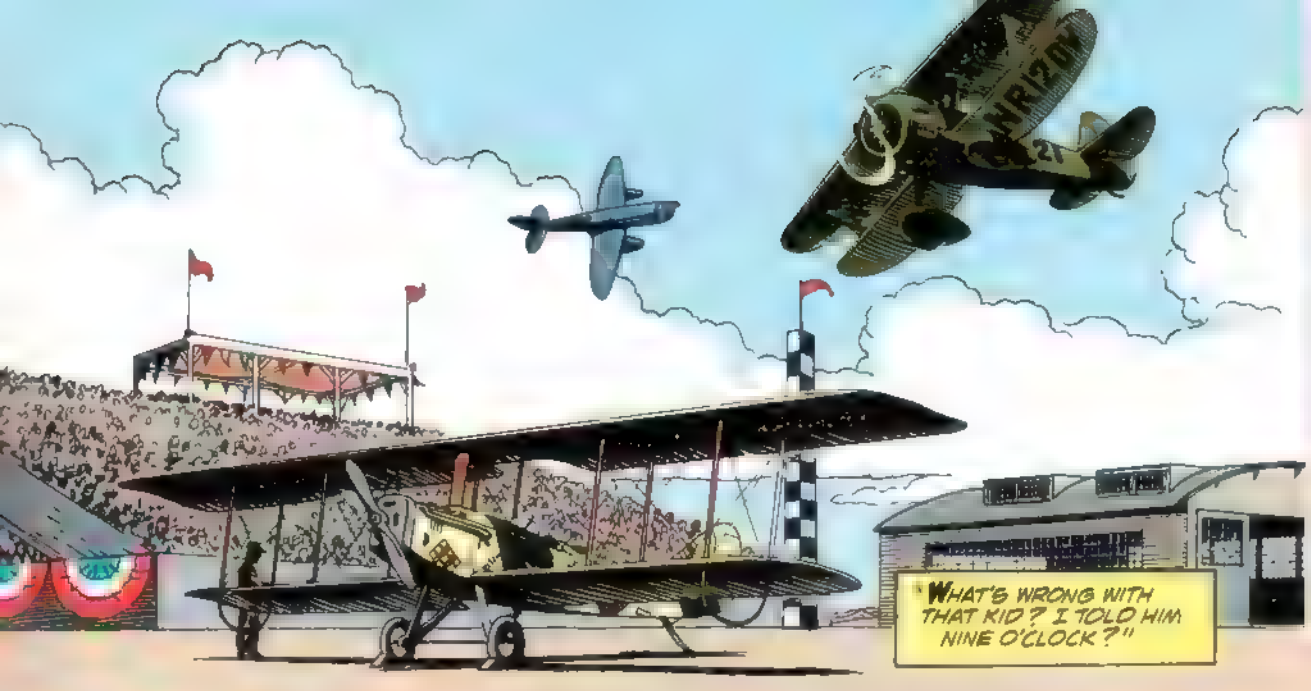

LISTEN, SWEETHEART YOU'RE A LADY OF THE COURT, NOT A BARFLY FROM PHILLY.

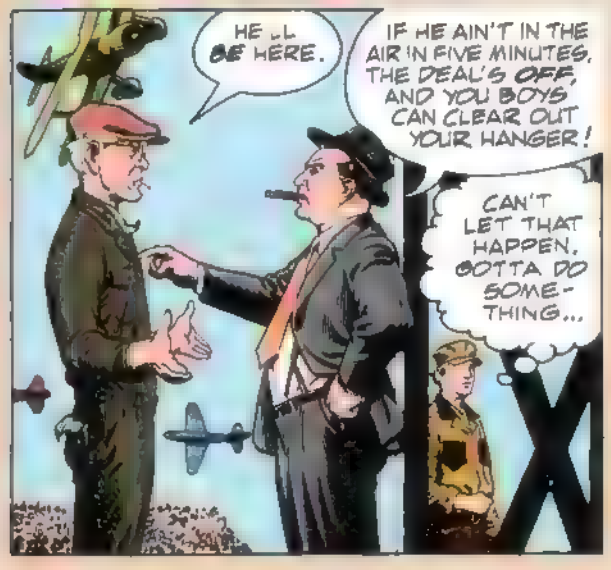
BOY, IS SHE A BLOCK OF WOOD. YOUR AUDITION WAS SO MUCH BETTER.
IRMA, EVERYONE'S AUDITION WAS BETTER. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHEN YOU'RE THE PRODUCER'S "NIECE".

ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY! QUIET ON THE SET! WE'RE ROLLING "THE LAUGHING BANDIT," SCENE 114, TAKE 28, AND...
ACTION!

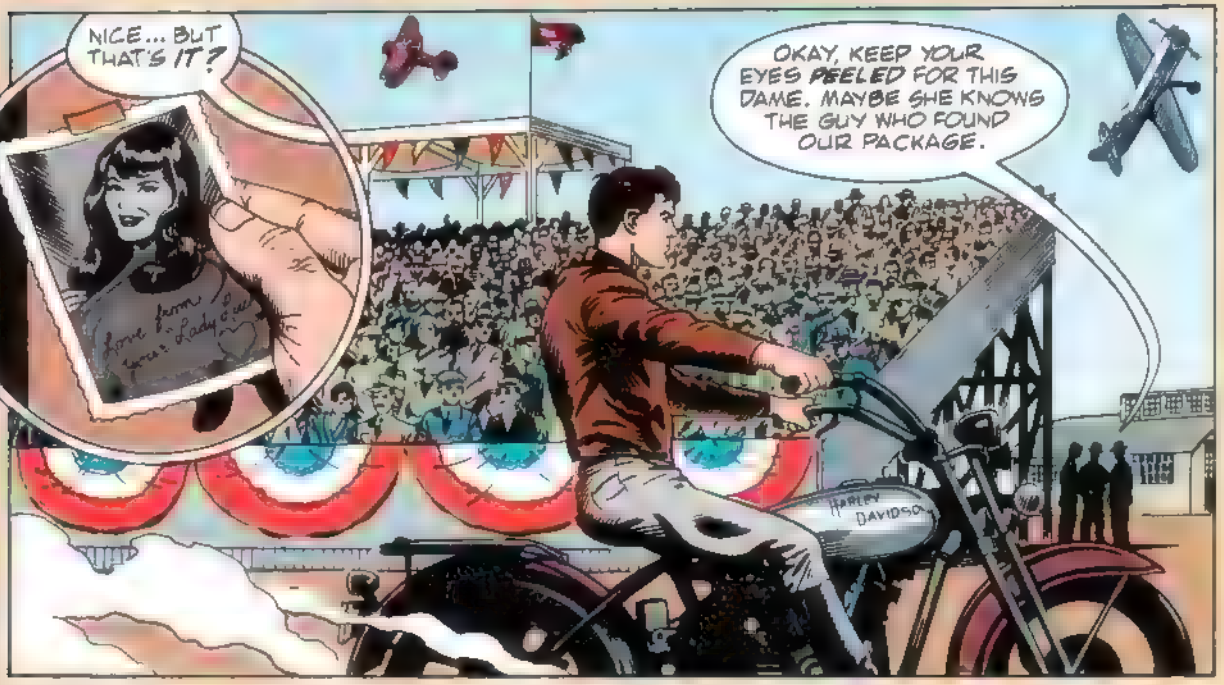
PREPARE TO DIE THAT WE MAY LEARN THE IDENTITY OF THE "LAUGHING BANDIT."
WHY WAIT?
IT'S SIR REGINALD!
NONE OTHER!
OH, MY PRINCE! WOULD THAT YOU DRANK OF MY LIPS AS DEEPLY!
HEADS UP!!
CREEAKK-
WUMFF!
UH... IS JENNY HERE?

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT A NEVILLE SINCLAIR PERFORMANCE FAILED TO BRING DOWN THE HOUSE!
JENNY, SOMETHING BIG HAS HAPPENED, AND I WANT YOU TO BE THE FIRST TO KNOW. IT'S AN ENGINE. YOU WEAR IT ON YOUR BACK... IT MAKES YOU FLY LIKE A PLANE!
YOU KNOCKED DOWN HALF THE CASTLE SO YOU COULD TELL ME ABOUT AN ENGINE?!
WELL, YOU'RE ALWAYS SAYING YOU'RE THE LAST TO KNOW!
CLIFF, I MEANT THE IMPORTANT THINGS!
THIS IS IMPORTANT!
YOU KNOW WHAT 'CLOSED SET' MEANS, PAL?
WHAT'S THIS?
PAY VOUCHER. YOU'RE FIRED! NOW GET OFF MY SET!
VICTOR, CAN'T YOU FIND IT IN YOUR HEART TO GIVE THE YOUNG LADY ANOTHER CHANCE?
NEVILLE... ANYTHING FOR YOU.
MR. SINCLAIR, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU.
YOU CAN START BY CALLING ME NEVILLE.
THAT SOUNDS DIVINE... NEVILLE.
THUD


"WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT KID? I TOLD HIM NINE O'CLOCK?"

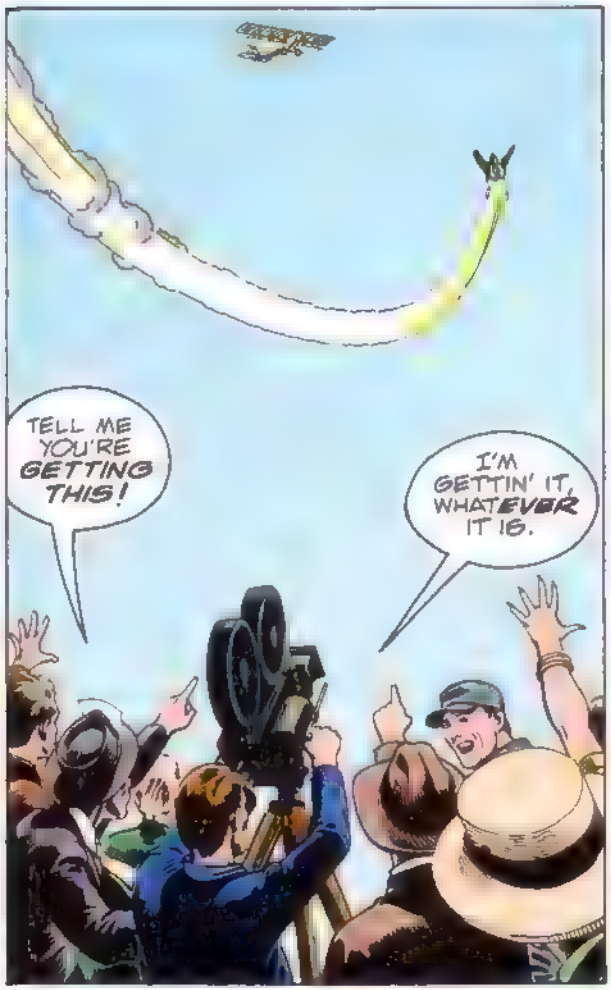

HE'LL BE HERE.
IF HE AIN'T IN THE AIR IN FIVE MINUTES, THE DEAL'S OFF, AND YOU BOYS CAN CLEAR OUT YOUR HANGER!
CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN. GOTTA DO SOME-THING...

I KNOW WHAT WILMER TOLD SINCLAIR'S GOON, BUT THE ROCKET AIN'T IN HANGER THREE.
THERE WAS AN OLD PLANE, ALL RIGHT, BUT THE ONLY THING IN IT WAS THIS.


NICE... BUT THAT'S IT?
OKAY, KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR THIS DAME. MAYBE SHE KNOWS THE GUY WHO FOUND OUR PACKAGE.
HARLEY DAVIDSON

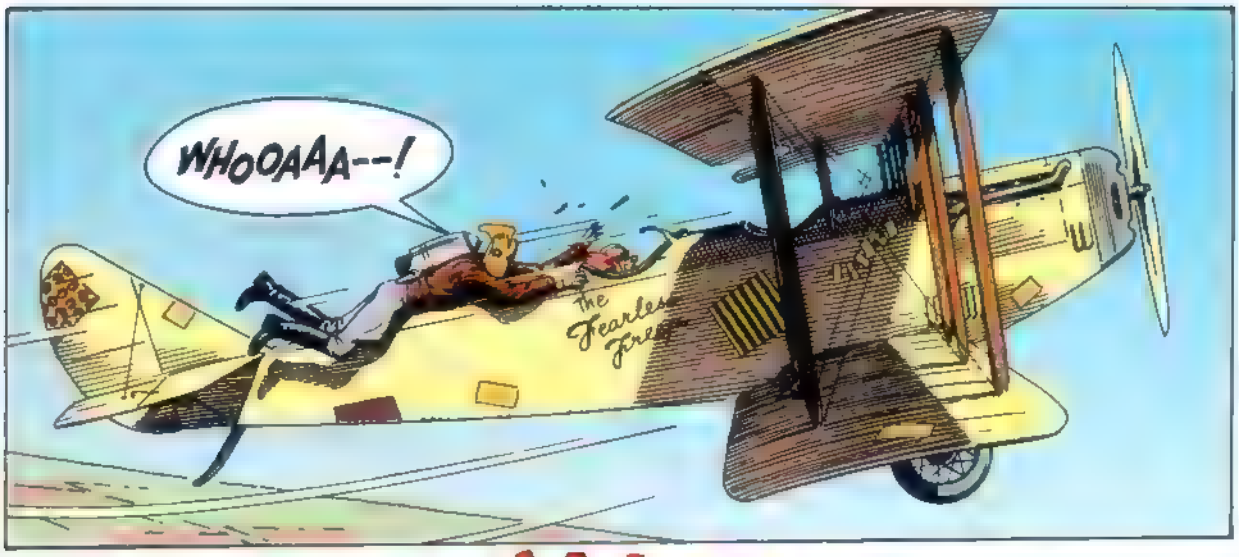
WELL, SECORD'S IN THE AIR... BUT WHY'S HE FLYING SO WEIRD?!
CLIFF!
BUT IF YOU'RE HERE, WHO'S IN MISS MABEL?!
"IT'S MALCOLM! AND I THINK THE PISTON JUST GAVE OUT UP THERE!"
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?! WE AIN'T HAD A CHANCE TO TEST HER RIGHT!
CUT IT OUT! I'M SCARED ENOUGH AS IT IS. BUT I'M MALCOLM'S ONLY CHANCE. HE HASN'T FLOWN IN YEARS.
THIS HELMET YOU MADE FITS GREAT.
HOW DO I LOOK?
LIKE A HOOD ORNAMENT.

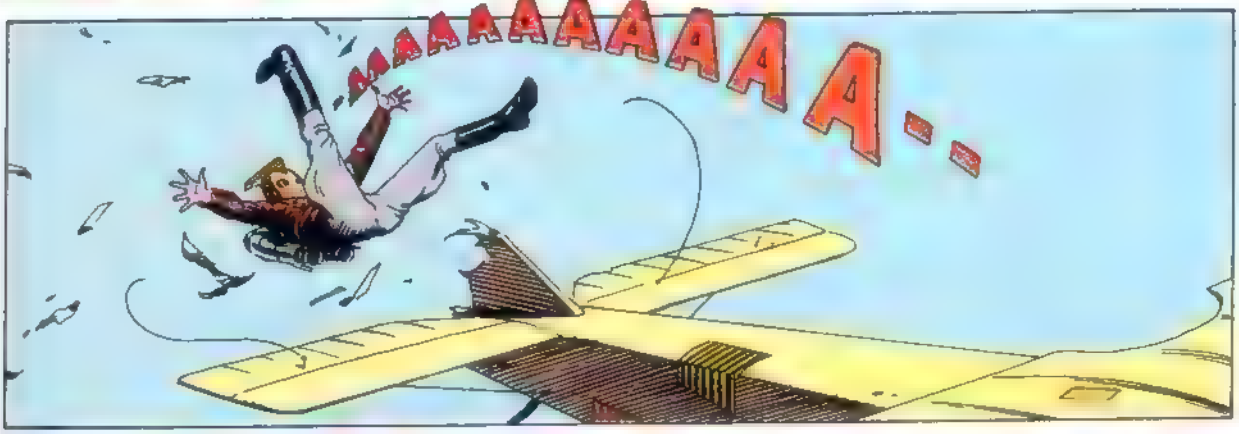
RONAUTICAL CORP.
FWOOOOOOOSH!


TELL ME YOU'RE GETTING THIS!
I'M GETTIN' IT, WHATEVER IT IS.

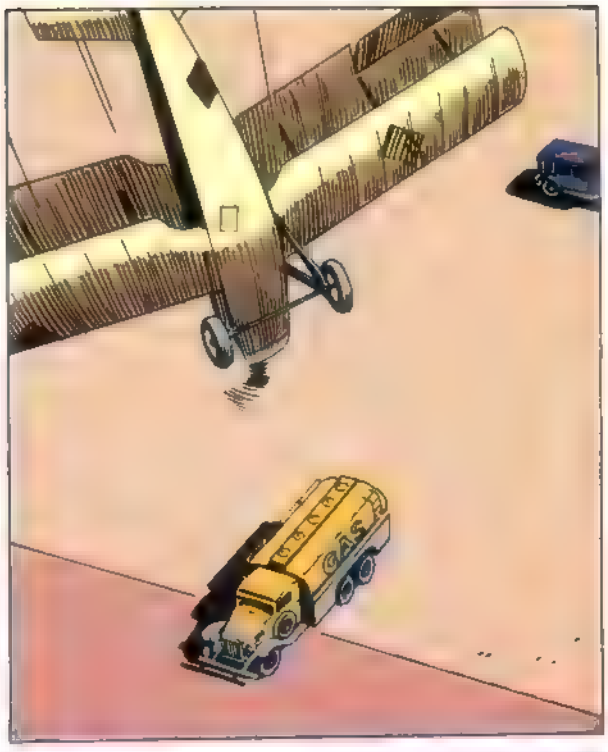
CRUNCH

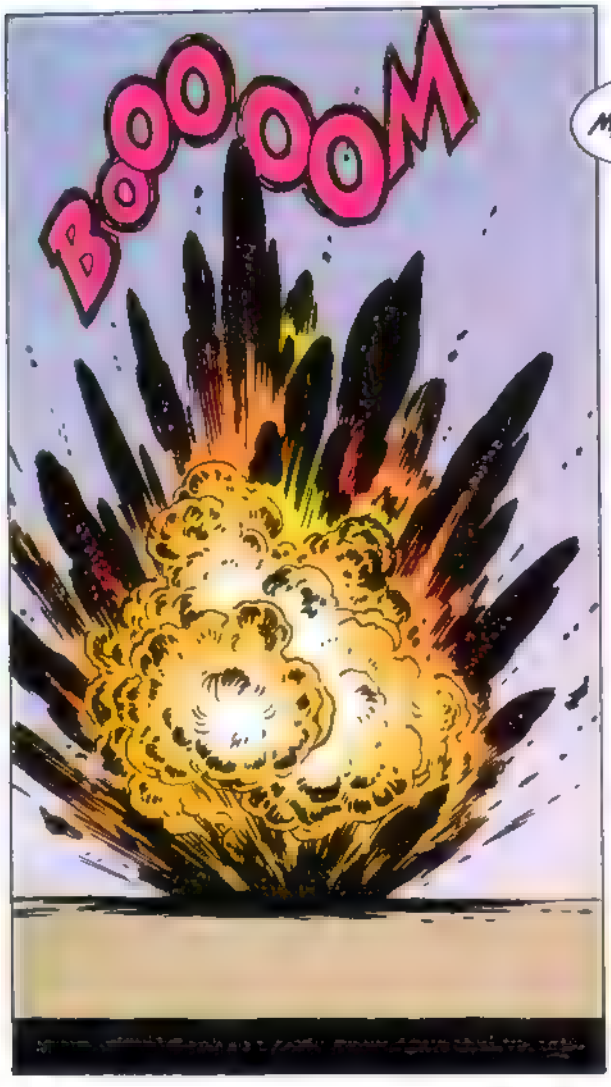
EEEYAHH!
The Fearless Flyer
GREAT I THINK MALCOLM PASSED OUT.
SHWOOM
WAIT... NO...HOLD IT...!
OHHHH CRIPES!
CRANG

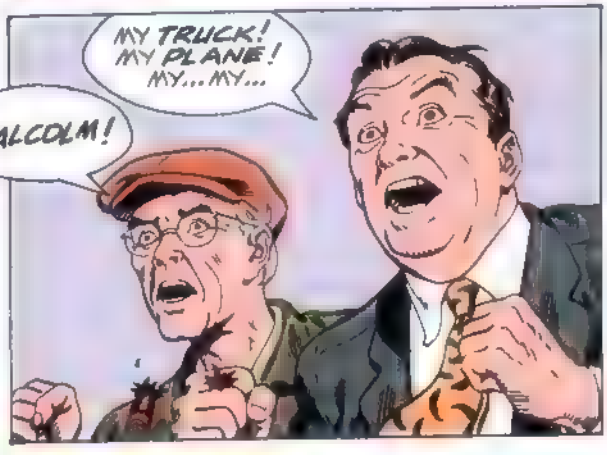

WHOOAAA--!
the Fearless Free


AAAAAAAAAAAA--

HANG ON, MALCOLM! I'M COMIN'!


GAS

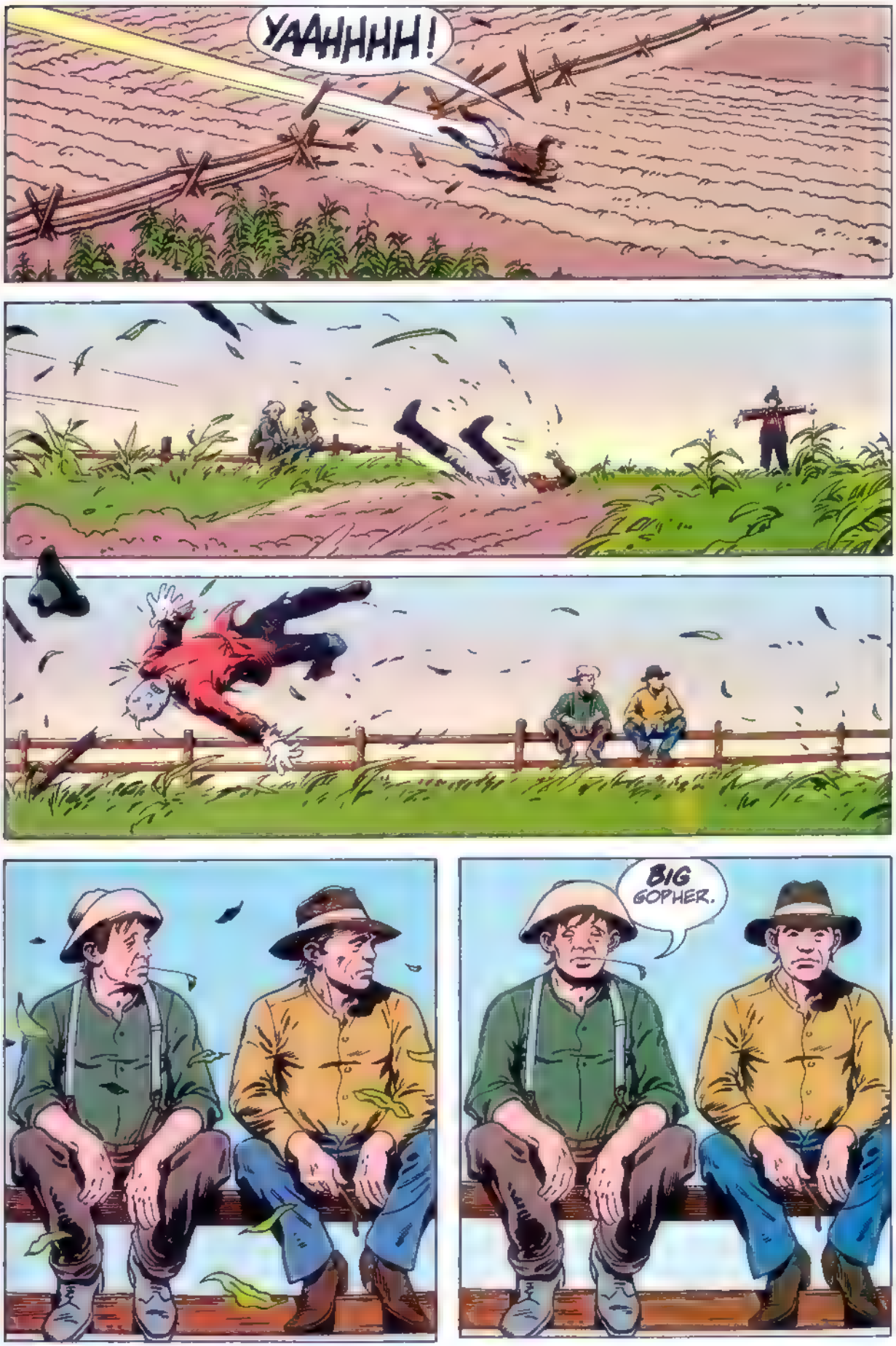

BOOOOOM

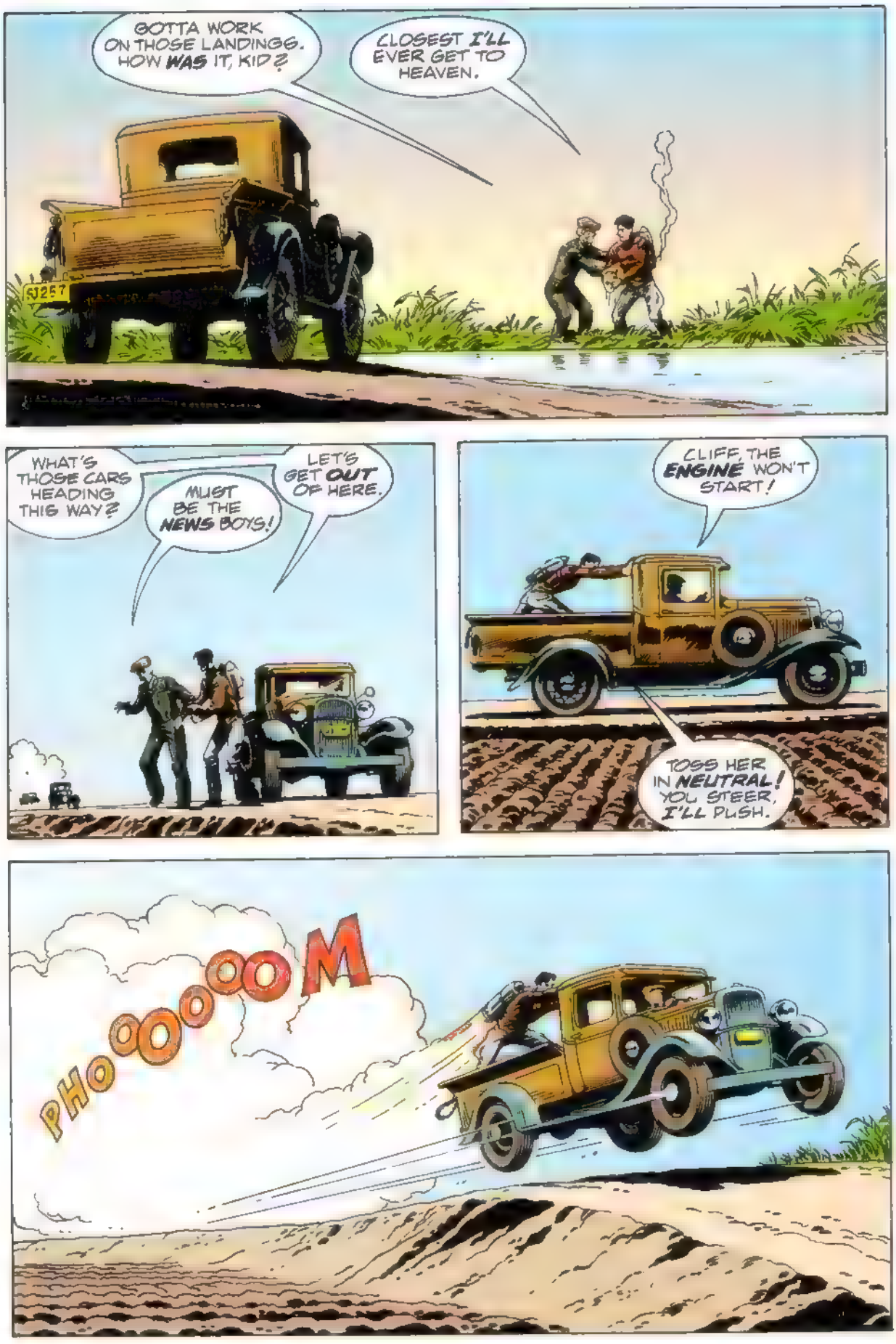

MY TRUCK! MY PLANE! MY... MY...
MALCOLM!

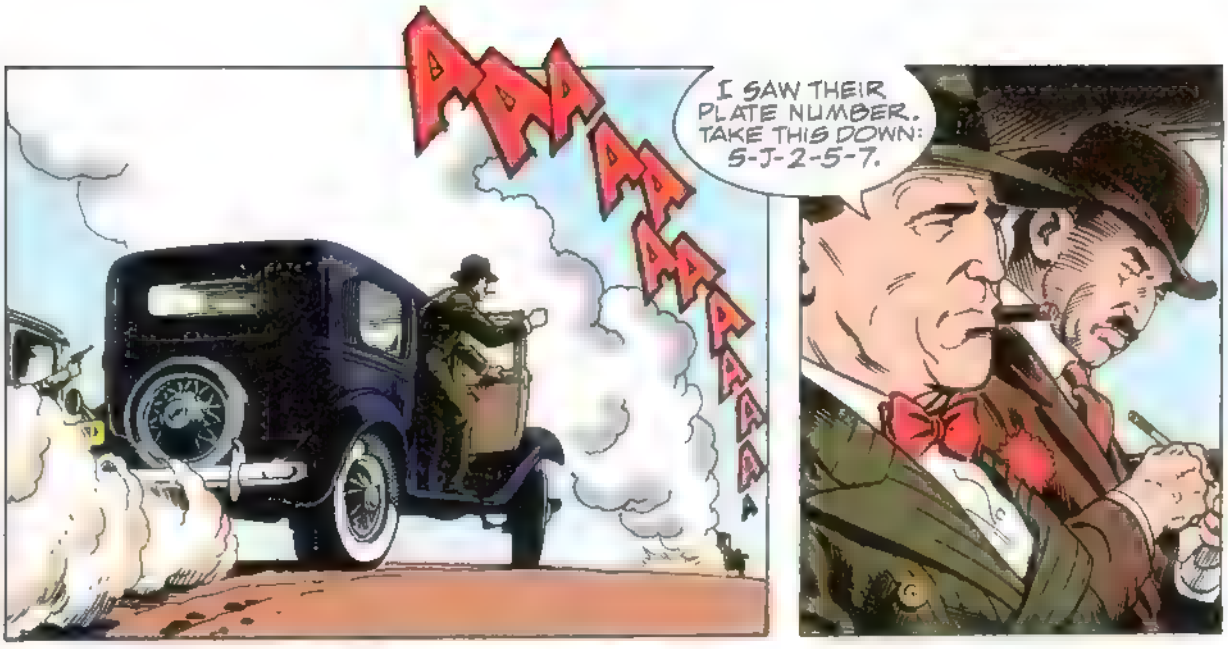
...MY GOD!

SISTER MARY FRANCIS! WHAT I WOULDN'T PAY FOR THAT ACT!
FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS A SHOW?
EASY!
WE'LL TAKE IT!
YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT'S--
YOU DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS! THAT'S PART OF THE DEAL, UNDERSTAND?
Y-YAAAAA
HOOOOO

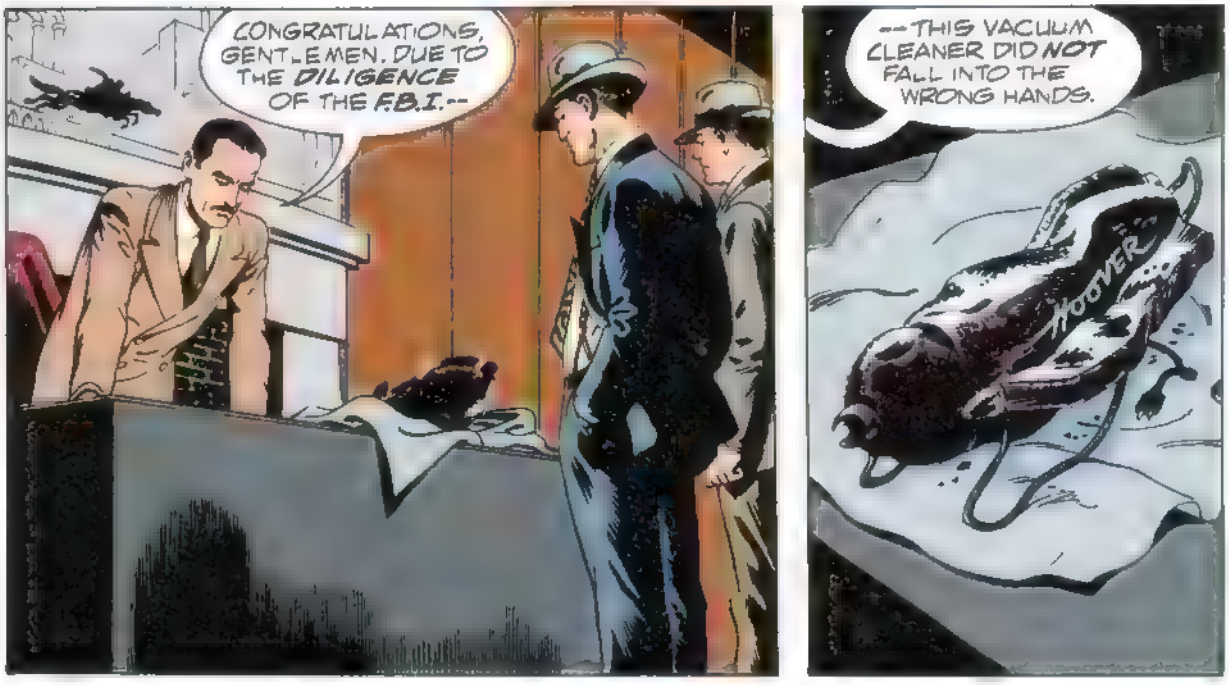
106
EEEEYiii!
WHOOOOOOSHH
FINALLY! I--


YAAHHHH!
BIG GOPHER.


GOTTA WORK ON THOSE LANDINGS. HOW WAS IT, KID?
CLOSEST I'LL EVER GET TO HEAVEN.
SJ257
WHAT'S THOSE CARS HEADING THIS WAY?
MUST BE THE NEWS BOYS!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
CLIFF, THE ENGINE WON'T START!
TOSS HER IN NEUTRAL! YOU STEER, I'LL PUSH.
PHOOOOOOM


AAAAAAAAAA
I SAW THEIR PLATE NUMBER. TAKE THIS DOWN: 5-J-2-5-7.

Los Angeles Times
WHO IS ROCKETEER?
"TRADE SECRET" CLAIMS AIR SHOW OWNER BIGELOW OF NEWEST ACT.
Militants Stage Protest, Vowing To Army With Civil Unrest.

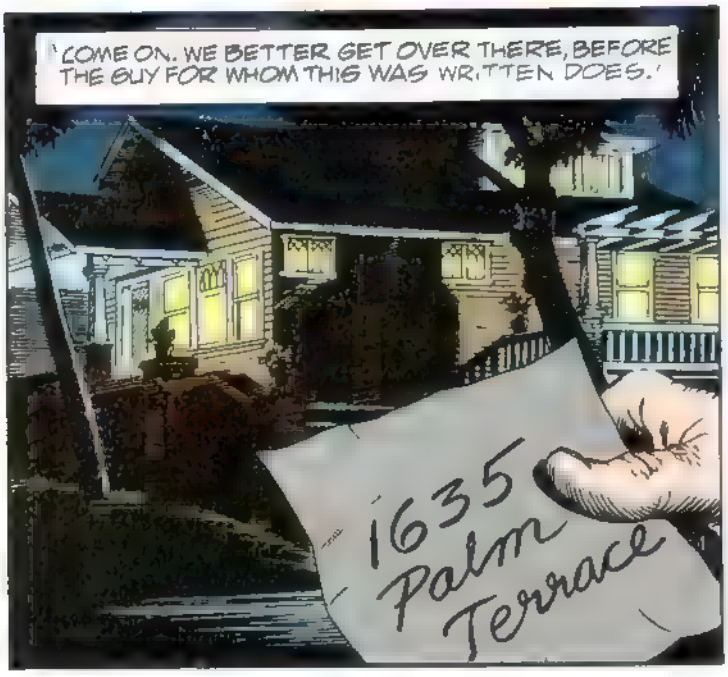

CONGRATULATIONS, GENTLEMEN. DUE TO THE DILIGENCE OF THE F.B.I.--
--THIS VACUUM CLEANER DID NOT FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS.
HOOVER

MR. BIGELOW! F.B.I., WE'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU!

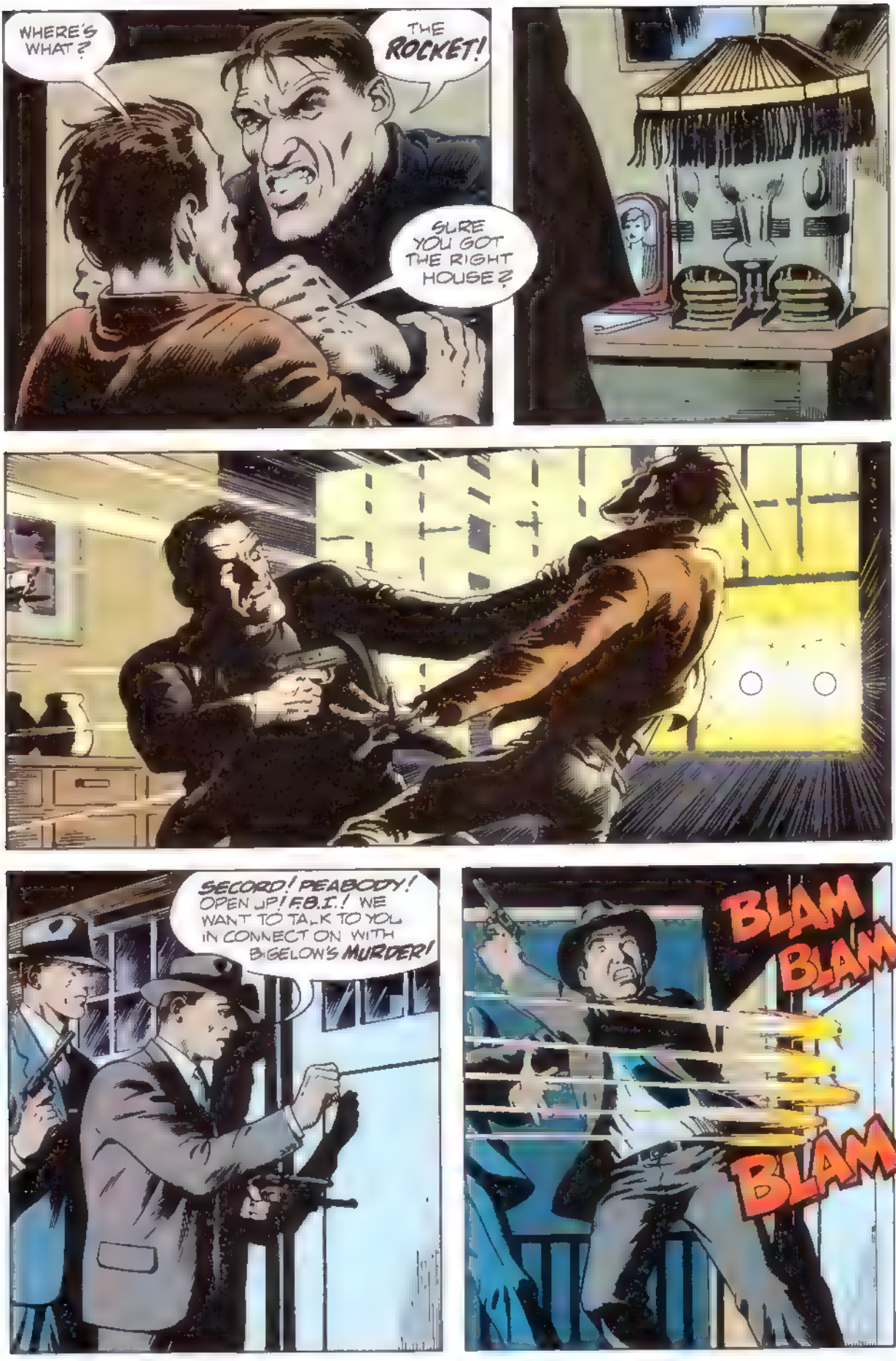
PLACE HAS BEEN TRASHED!
YOU'RE OBSERVANT TON:--
HEY! WHAT'S THIS?

MOTHER OF MERCY. HE'S BEEN FOLDED IN HALF.

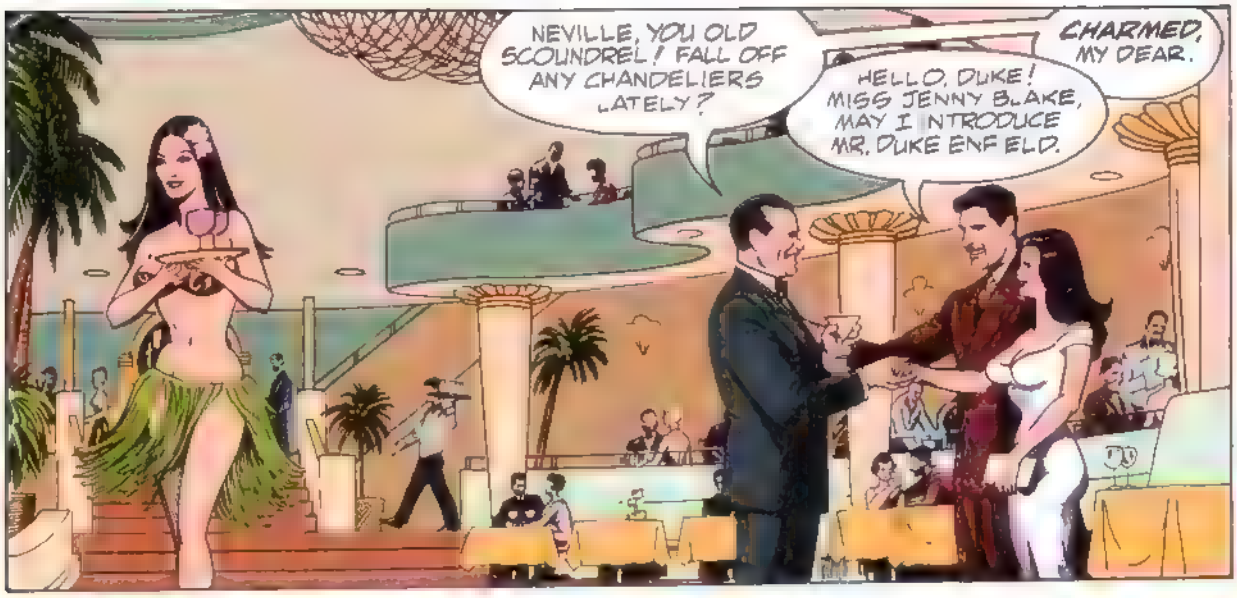
PENCIL IN HIS HAND SAYS HE WAS WRITING SOMETHING.
SO DOES THE IMPRESSION ON THIS PAD. I THINK I CAN MAKE OUT... 1635 PALM TERRACE...

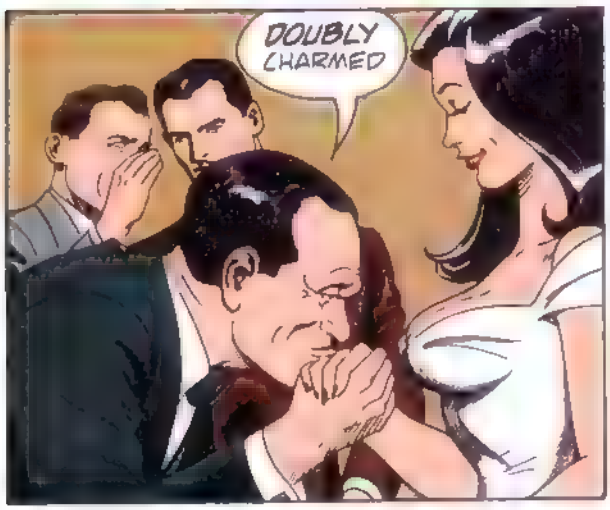

'COME ON. WE BETTER GET OVER THERE, BEFORE THE GUY FOR WHOM THIS WAS WRITTEN DOES.'
1635 Palm Terrace

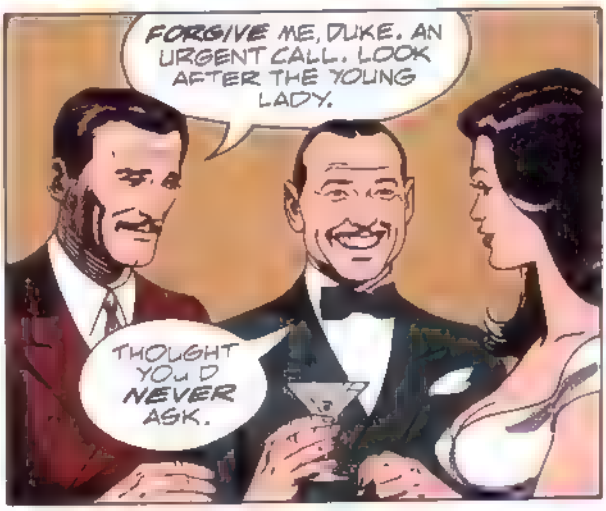
CLIFF? THAT YOU?
AND WHY WOULD YOU BE COMING IN THE BACK?
VROOOOM
CRASH
PEEVY!
DON'T WORRY, PEEV! I'M--
--COMING?
WHERE IS IT?

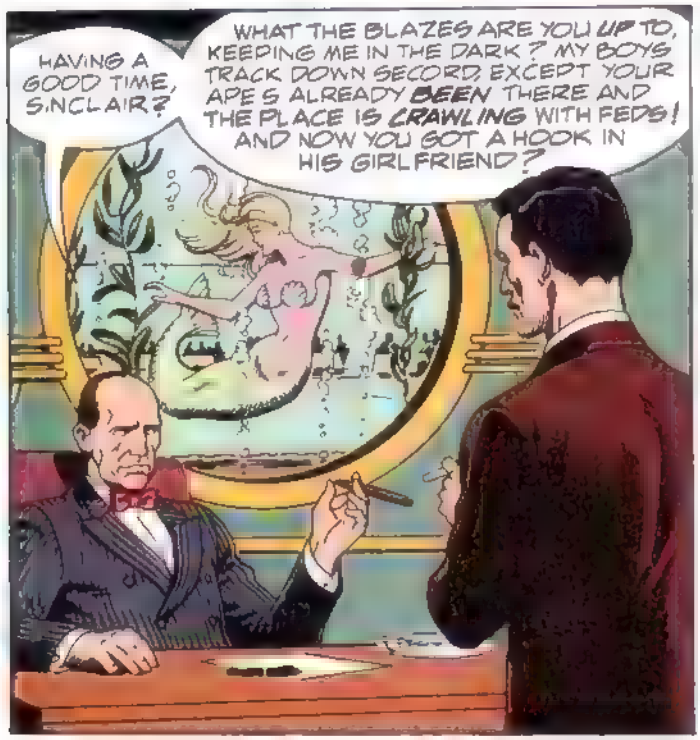

WHERE'S WHAT?
THE ROCKET!
SURE YOU GOT THE RIGHT HOUSE?
SECORD! PEABODY! OPEN UP! F.B.I.! WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU IN CONNECT ON WITH BIGELOW'S MURDER!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

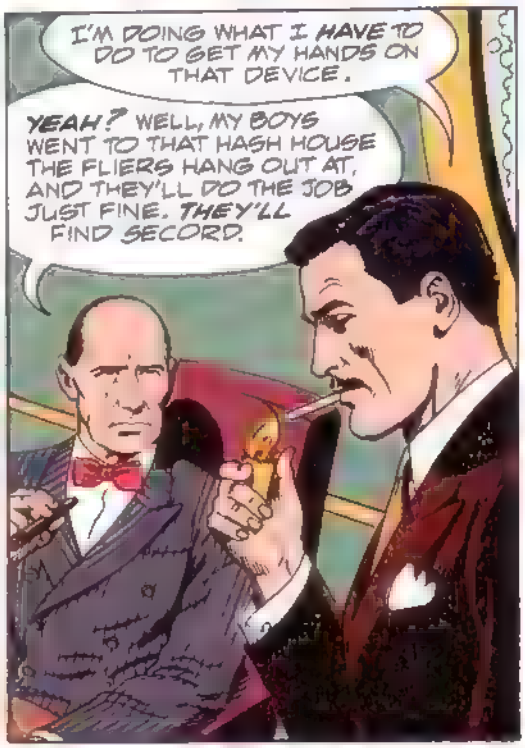
MAYBE THIS DIAGRAM'LL DO FOR THE BOSS.
THEY'RE SHOOTING OUT THE FRONT! SO THEY WON'T EXPECT AN ATTACK FROM THE REAR--
KRASH!
STOP! F.B.--
AYEE!


NEVILLE, YOU OLD SCOUNDREL! FALL OFF ANY CHANDELIERS LATELY?
HELLO, DUKE! MISS JENNY BLAKE, MAY I INTRODUCE MR. DUKE ENFIELD.
CHARMED, MY DEAR.


DOUBLY CHARMED

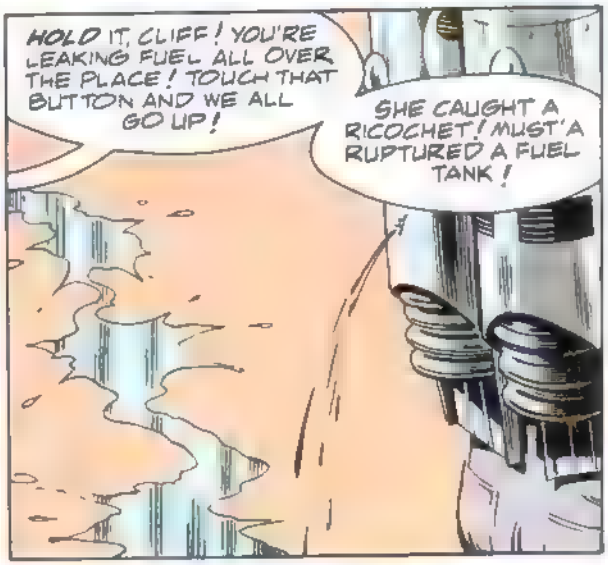

FORGIVE ME, DUKE. AN URGENT CALL. LOOK AFTER THE YOUNG LADY.
THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK.

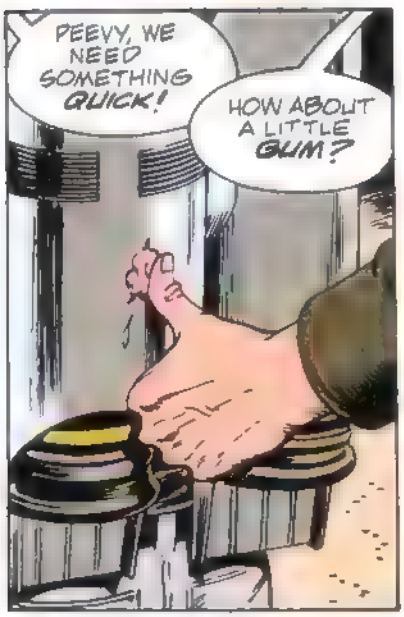

HAVING A GOOD TIME, SINCLAIR?
WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YOU UP TO, KEEPING ME IN THE DARK? MY BOYS TRACK DOWN SECORD EXCEPT YOUR APES ALREADY BEEN THERE AND THE PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH FEDS! AND NOW YOU GOT A HOOK IN HIS GIRLFRIEND?


I'M DOING WHAT I HAVE TO DO TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT DEVICE.
YEAH? WELL, MY BOYS WENT TO THAT HASH HOUSE THE FLIERS HANG OUT AT, AND THEY'LL DO THE JOB JUST FINE. THEY'LL FIND SECORD.

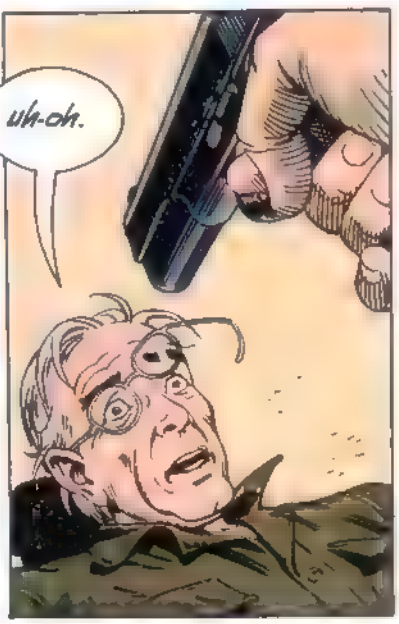
DIRTY THUGS.
CLIFF! NO! NOT AGAIN!

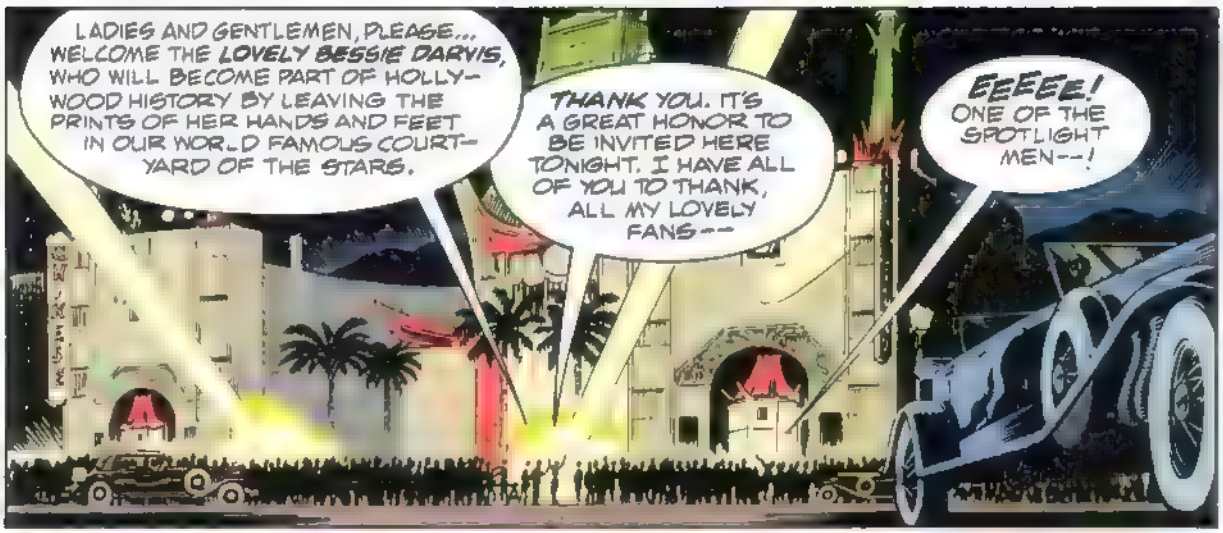
YOU HEARD THOSE THUGS! THEY WORK FOR EDDIE VALENTINE, THE GUY WHO OWNS THE SOUTH SEAS CLUB. AND IRMA SAID THAT'S WHERE JENNY WENT.
I CAN FLY TO THAT NIGHTCLUB IN FIVE MINUTES AND NOBODY CAN FOLLOW ME. ONCE I KNOW JENNY'S OKAY, I'LL MEET YOU BACK HERE!

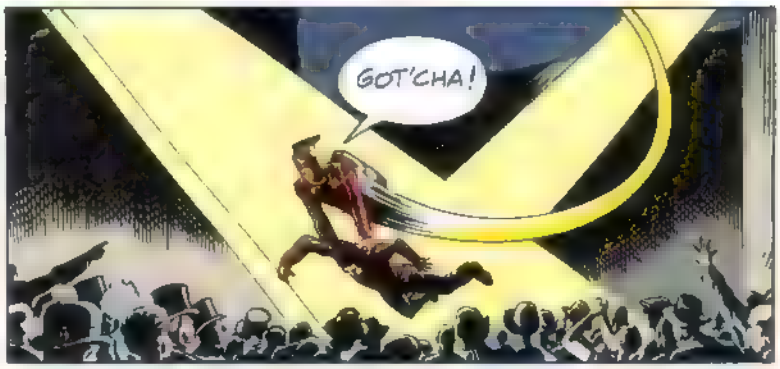

HOLD IT, CLIFF! YOU'RE LEAKING FUEL ALL OVER THE PLACE! TOUCH THAT BUTTON AND WE ALL GO UP!
SHE CAUGHT A RICOCHET! MUST'A RUPTURED A FUEL TANK!

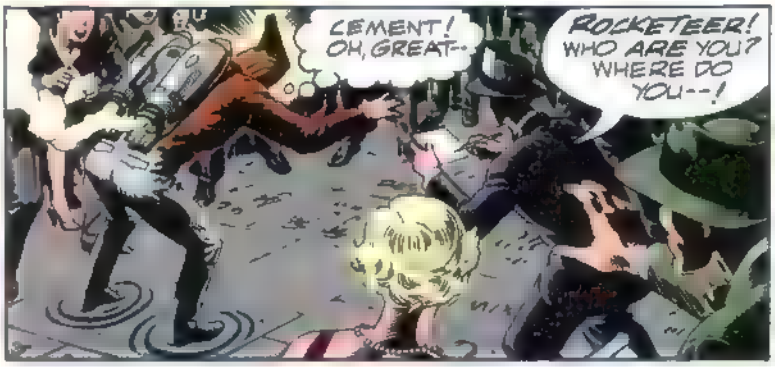

PEEVY, WE NEED SOMETHING QUICK!
HOW ABOUT A LITTLE GUM?

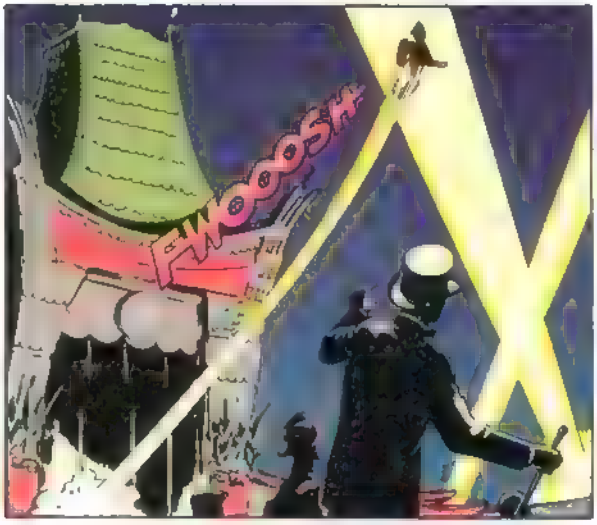
GREAT! STAND CLEAR.

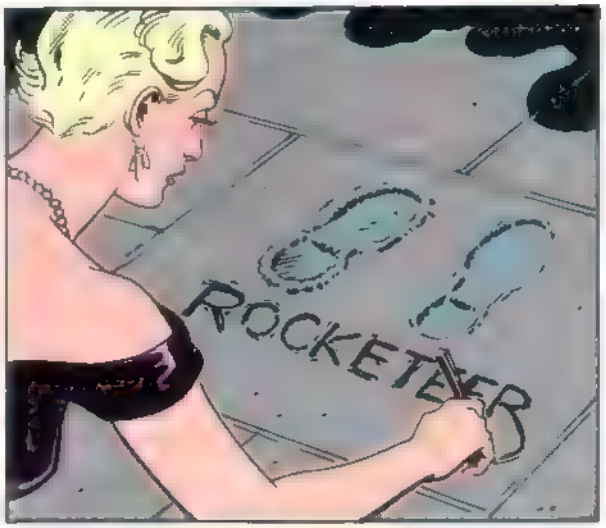

uh-oh.


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PLEASE... WELCOME THE LOVELY BESSIE DARVIS, WHO WILL BECOME PART OF HOLLYWOOD HISTORY BY LEAVING THE PRINTS OF HER HANDS AND FEET IN OUR WORLD FAMOUS COURTYARD OF THE STARS.
THANK YOU. IT'S A GREAT HONOR TO BE INVITED HERE TONIGHT. I HAVE ALL OF YOU TO THANK, ALL MY LOVELY FANS--
EEEEE! ONE OF THE SPOTLIGHT MEN--!


GOT'CHA!


CEMENT! OH, GREAT--
ROCKETEER! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU--!


WOOOSH


ROCKETEER

THERE. THE ROCKET SHOULD BE SAFE IN THIS LAUNDRY BAG. NOW TO GO OUT THERE AND FIND JENNY.
IT'S ALL SO... ELEGANT.
NOT NEARLY SO ELEGANT AS YOU. YOU LOOK POSITIVELY RADIANT. AND THAT DRESS IS STUNNING.
I BORROWED IT FROM WARDROBE... THEY TELL ME MARLENE DIETRICH WORE THIS IN "DESIRE."
IT LOOKS BETTER ON YOU... BUT DON'T TELL MARLENE I SAID THAT.
OH, NEVILLE, YOU ARE SO...
YEEEK
YOU IDIOT!
TERRIBLY SORRY, SIR. LET ME GET SOMETHING TO CLEAN THIS UP WITH.
EXCUSE ME NEVILLE. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
JENNY, WILL YOU LISTEN FOR A MINUTE?
YOU'RE JEALOUS! YOU FOUND OUT I WAS HERE WITH NEVILLE...
BIGELOW'S BEEN MURDERED!

MURDERED?!
REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU AT THE STUDIO? THE ROCKET WE FOUND? THE PEOPLE LOOKING FOR IT KILLED BIGELOW TO GET TO ME, AND NOW THEY'RE AFTER YOU!
HONEY. I'M THE ROCKETEER!

THE ROCKA-WHO?

IT DOESN'T MATTER. JUST GET IN A CAB AND STAY AT YOUR MOM'S UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM ME!
GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULD BELIEVE A WORD OF THIS.

BECAUSE IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU, I'D GO OUT OF MY MIND, I SWEAR TO GOD I WOULD.
OH.

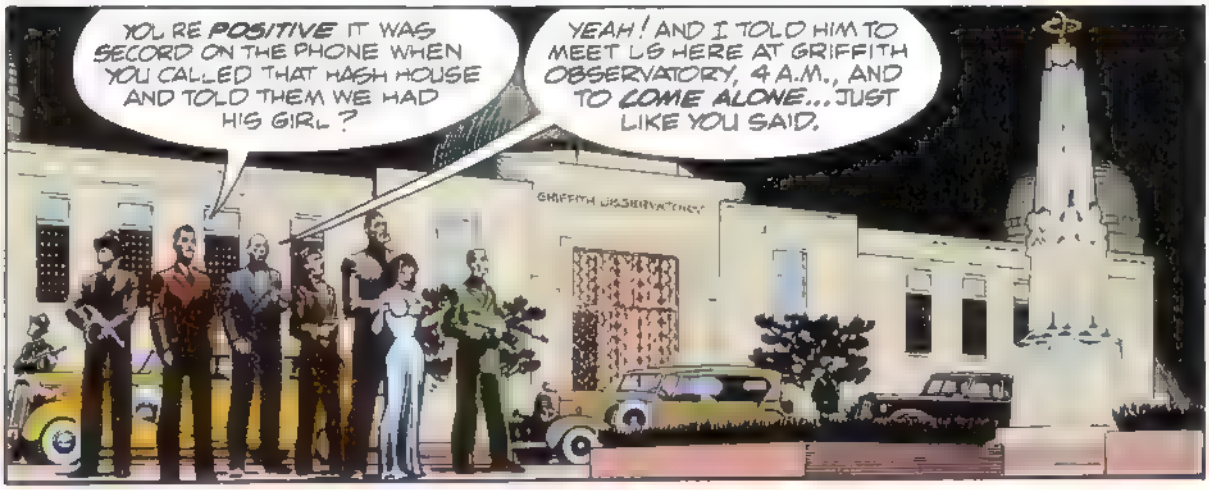
GO! RIGHT NOW!

THAT'S THEM! THE ONE'S WITH THE SNAPSHOTS!
AND THEY'RE COZY WITH SINCLAIR? IS HE THE GUY WHO'S AFTER THE ROCKET?
WHOA!!
RARRR
SECORD!!
SLAM

AW, NO!
THUMP!
KRAK
SECORD! WHERE ARE--!
AHA!
FWOOOSH

EEEEEEEEEE
Ladies LOUNGE
FWOOSH
IT'S THE FLYING MAN! THE ROCKETEER!
CLOSE THE DOORS! SHUT HIM IN!
BAM
BAM
SPANG
PING
THE ROCKET! GET THE ROCKET!

UNNHH!!
KRAK
OOF!
FWOOOOOSH...
KEE RASH
DON'T GO.
OUR EVENING HAS JUST BEGUN.


YOU'RE POSITIVE IT WAS SECORD ON THE PHONE WHEN YOU CALLED THAT HASH HOUSE AND TOLD THEM WE HAD HIS GIRL?
YEAH! AND I TOLD HIM TO MEET US HERE AT GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY, 4 A.M., AND TO COME ALONE... JUST LIKE YOU SAID.
GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY

HEY, BOSS! HERE HE COMES.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
SHE'S FINE!

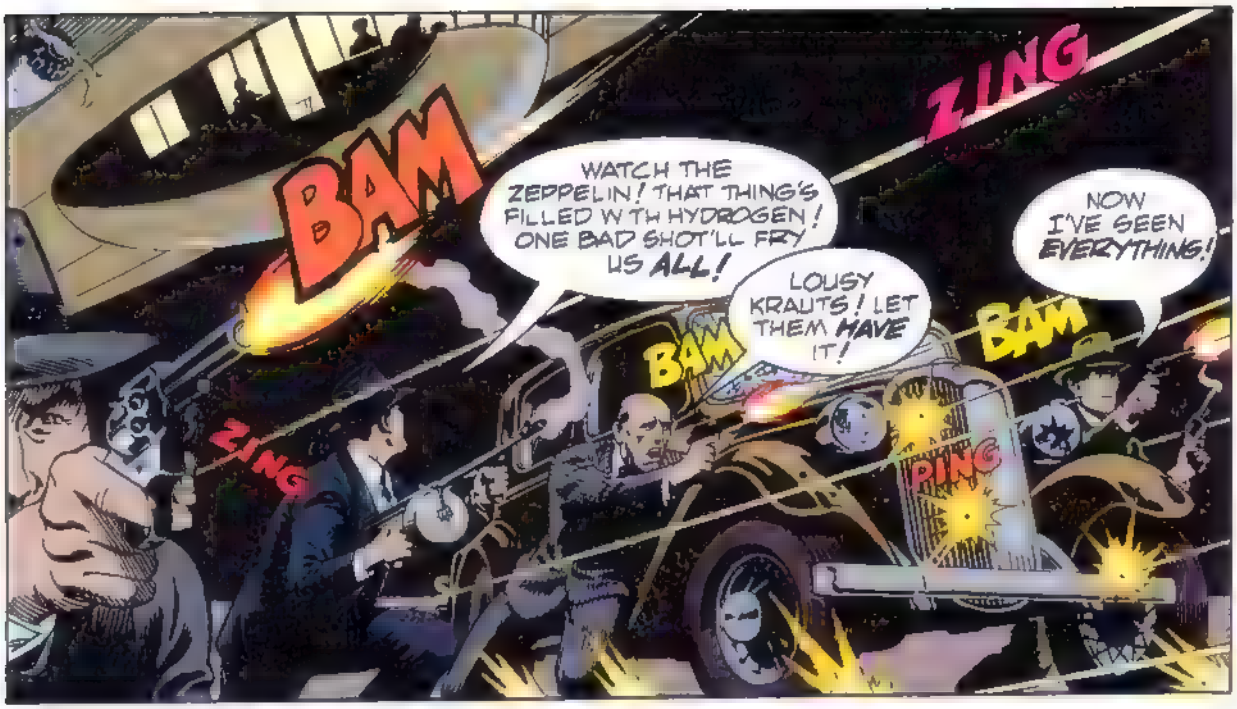
THE FEDS HAVE GOT YOUR NUMBER SINCLAIR. THE SPY RING, FLYING COMMANDOS, THE WORKS. YOUR PAL'S A NAZI, VALENTINE.
WHAT'S HE YAPPIN' ABOUT, SINCLAIR?
COME ON, EDDIE. WE ALL MUST SERVE SOMEONE!

ADOLPH AND HIS GOOSE-STEPPING RATS? LISTEN, I MAY NOT EARN A STRAIGHT BUCK BUT I'M A HUNDRED PERCENT AMERICAN, DAMMIT!

I'M TAKING THE ROCKET.
HA, YOU AND WHAT ARMY?

STURMABTEILUNG! ANGREIFEN!
I BEL.EVE IT'S YOUR MOVE, EDDIE.
WRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
THIS IS THE F.B.I.! THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS!
ZING
POW
POW
RATTATATT
RATTA
BAM
BAM
BAM
TAT
TAT
BAM
BAM
BEEOW


BAM
ZING
WATCH THE ZEPPELIN! THAT THING'S FILLED W TH HYDROGEN! ONE BAD SHOT'LL FRY US ALL!
LOUSY KRAUTS! LET THEM HAVE IT!
NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!
BAM
BAM
ZING
PING

SIE HABIN DIE RAKETE, NICHT?
I HAVE HER. THAT DAMNED ROCKETEER WILL COME TO US! NOW GET THIS SHIP ABOVE THE CLOUDS!

UNNNHH!
STIMMT WAS NICHT?
THE RLODDER! SOMETHING'S INTERFERING--
CLIFF...
SMEKK
CRANG
UNNHH...

ARRHH! BACK... FEELS LIKE--HE'S GONNA BEND ME IN HALF!
KRAAK
YEEOOWWW
HMMPH?
HUNH?
OOOF!!

DO I HAVE TO FLY THIS SHIP MYSELF? KEEP US ON COURSE, DAMN IT!
DO NOT WORRY, HERR SINCLAIR-- MY PILOT IS THE FINEST IN GERMANY.
KRAASH
AAARRHH
WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE! WE MUST DROP SOME WEIGHT FROM THE GONDOLA!
BAM BAM

AT LAST!
THWUMF
KRAK
I'VE HAD A BELLYFUL OF YOU AND YOUR CHEAP HEROICS, SECORD. YOU HAND OVER THE ROCKET--OR I'LL...
CLIFF, DON'T GIVE IT TO H.M.! YOU CAN'T!
I HAVE TO.

IF SHE MOVES, KILL HER!
IF ONE MORE MAN PUTS A GUN TO MY HEAD...
THAT'S IT!!
ACCHH!
KRUNCH
WHERE'S YOUR STUNTMAN NOW, SINCLAIR?

I DO MY OWN STUNTS!
POW
CRASH!
STOP! I'LL SHOOT--!

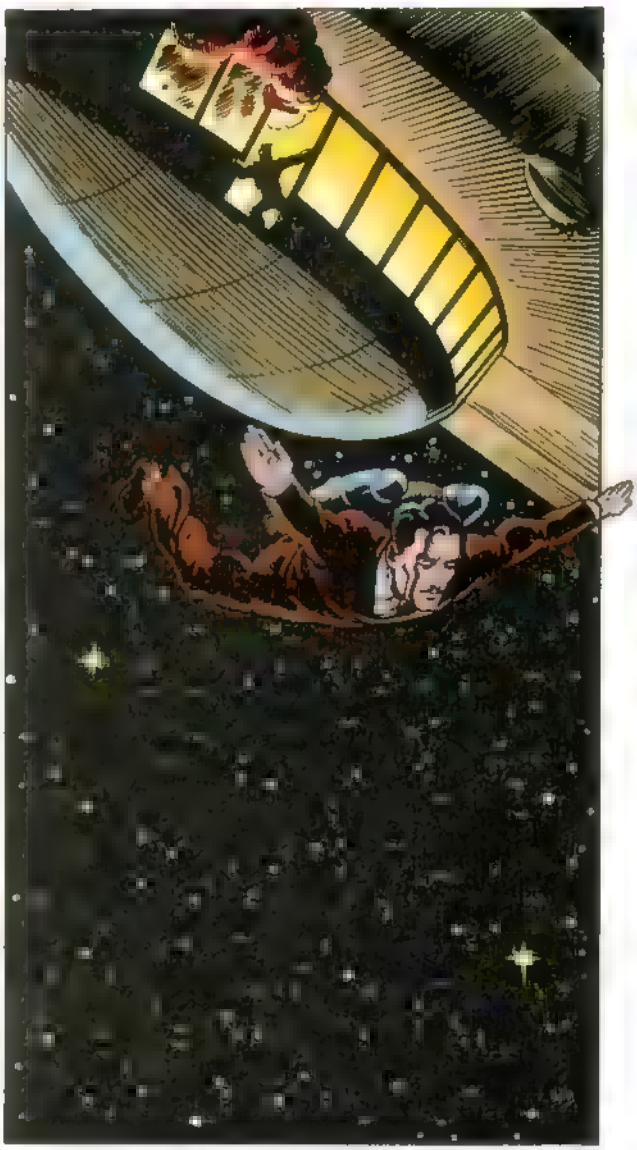
-- I SWEAR I WILL!
JENNY, NO!
FOOOM!
FWO
OOSH
SINCLAIR! FOR GOD'S SAKE, HELP ME GET THIS FIRE OUT!

GOODBYE, DARLING. I'M GOING TO MISS HOLLYWOOD.

MY GOD, NEVILLE... THERE WAS A MOMENT WHEN I ACTUALLY THOUGHT YOU CARED FOR ME!

THAT, MY DEAR...

WAS... ACTING!



FWOOOOOOOSH

EH?

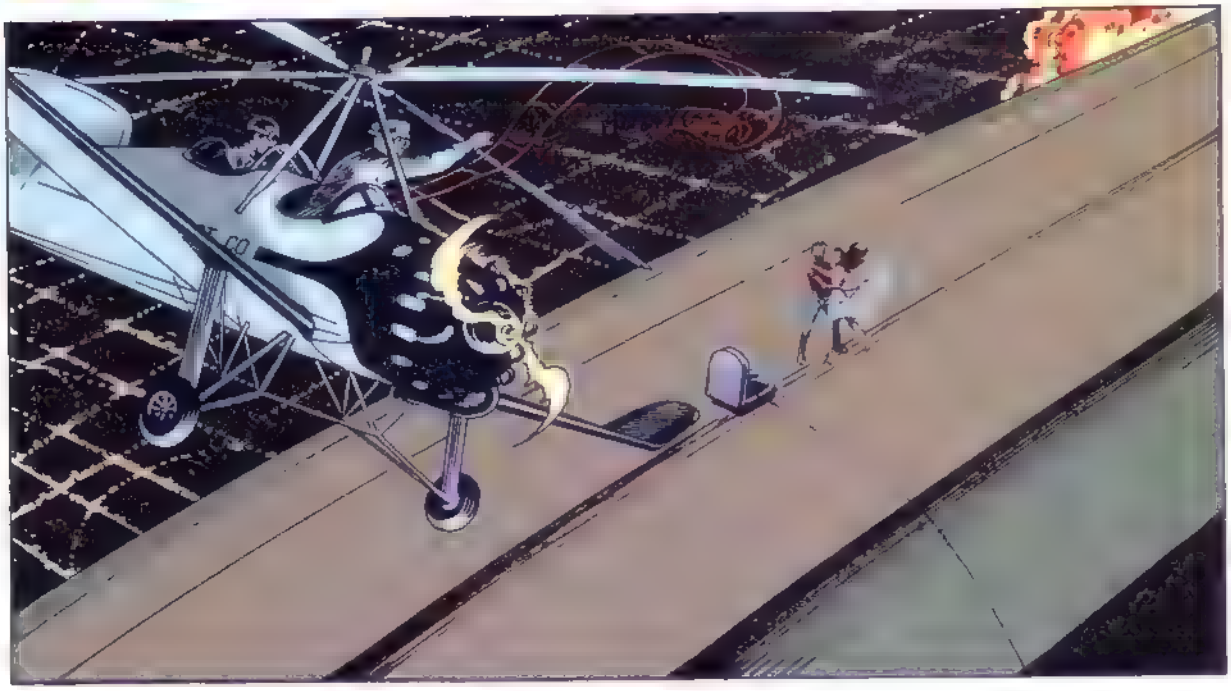
THWOM

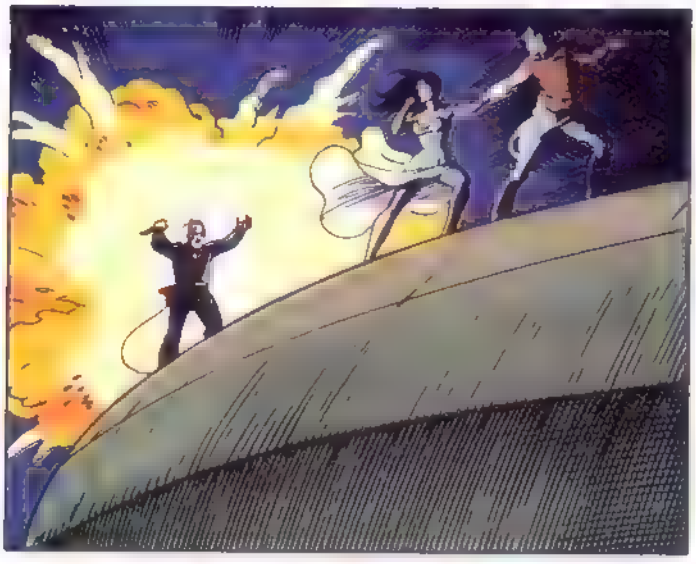
NOOOOOOOOOO
HOLLYWOODLAND

OLLYWOOD
CHA-
BOOM

HOLLYWOOD

THIS THING'S FULL OF HYDROGEN. WHEN THE FIRE HITS THE ENVELOPE...
I LOVE YOU, CLIFF!

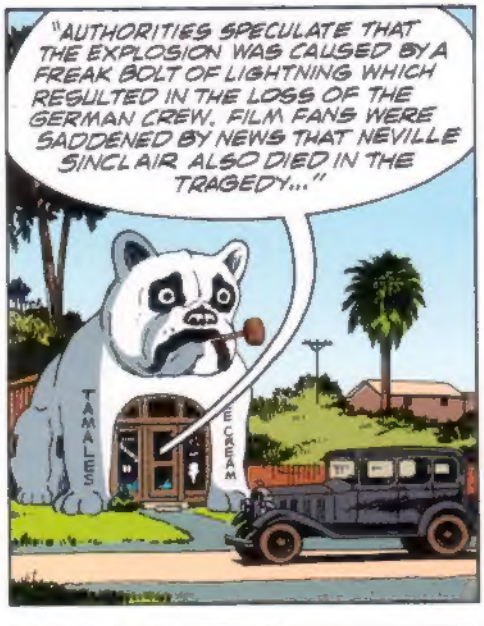




URK!

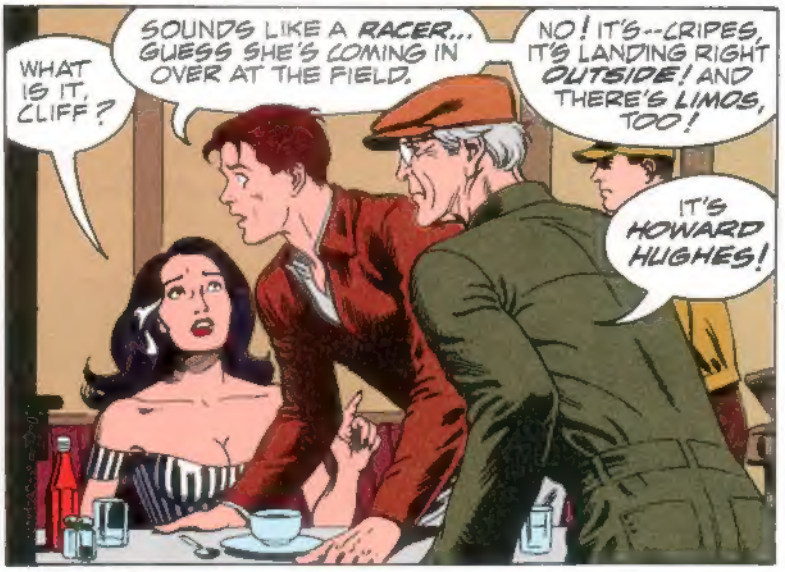
JUMP FOR IT!

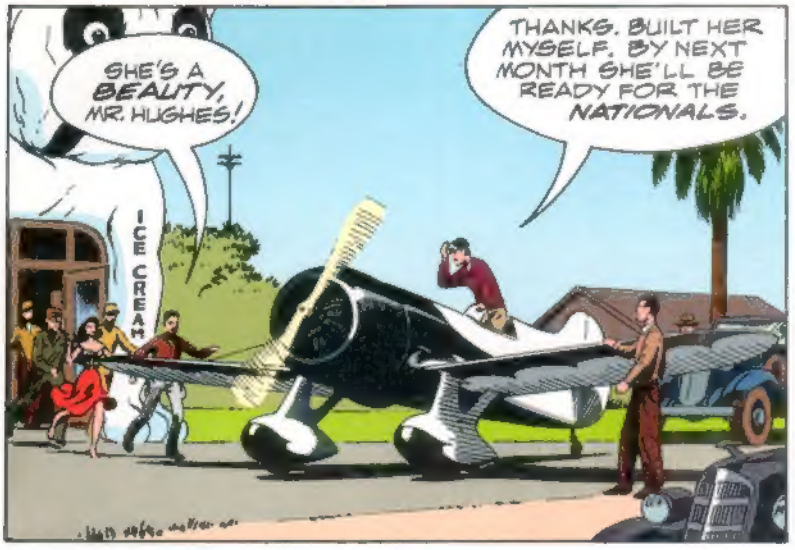
SHOOOOOOMM!


"AUTHORITIES SPECULATE THAT THE EXPLOSION WAS CAUSED BY A FREAK BOLT OF LIGHTNING WHICH RESULTED IN THE LOSS OF THE GERMAN CREW. FILM FANS WERE SADDENED BY NEWS THAT NEVILLE SINCLAIR ALSO DIED IN THE TRAGEDY..."
TAMALES
ICE CREAM

"... WHEN FLAMING DEBRIS FELL ON HIS TOURING CAR," WHAT A SHAME. NICE CAR.
YOU'RE LOOKING PRETTY SAD, CLIFF, FOR A GUY WHO PRETTY MUCH SAVED THE WORLD.
I'VE GOT THE CRACKED RIBS TO PROVE IT, AND NOT MUCH ELSE.
AIRSHIP DISASTER OVER HOLLYWOOD

YOU'VE GOT ME.


WHAT IS IT, CLIFF?
SOUNDS LIKE A RACER... GUESS SHE'S COMING IN OVER AT THE FIELD.
NO! IT'S--CRIPES, IT'S LANDING RIGHT OUTSIDE! AND THERE'S LIMOS, TOO!
IT'S HOWARD HUGHES!


SHE'S A BEAUTY, MR. HUGHES!
THANKS. BUILT HER MYSELF. BY NEXT MONTH SHE'LL BE READY FOR THE NATIONALS.
ICE CREAM

I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK... WHAT WAS IT LIKE, STRAPPING THAT THING TO YOUR BACK, FLYING LIKE A HAWK?
CLOSEST THING TO HEAVEN.

WELL... SECOND CLOSEST.

SEE YOU AROUND... ROCKETEER!

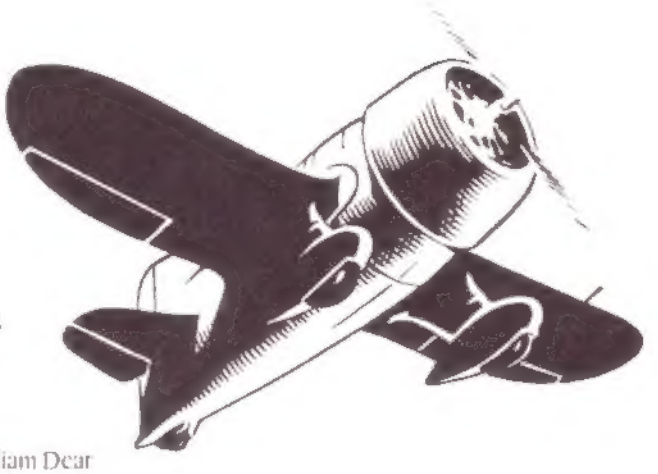
OH... AND DON'T FLY HER WITHOUT THIS.
FLY HER? I DON'T UNDER--

PILOT CLIFF SECORD
I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO THANK HIM!
HE SAW IT IN YOUR FACE, KID.
CLIFF! I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU, TOO. I SAW IT IN THAT MONSTER'S POCKET DURING THE SCUFFLE AND--
IT'S THE SCHEMATIC FOR THE ROCKET PACK! OH NO!
ROCKETEER TO THE RESCUE!
NEXT TIME I GET TO BE ROCKETEER!
DO NOT!
DO TOO!

The ROCKETEER

A Gordon Company Production

A Joe Johnston Film



Bill Campbell
Alan Arkin
Jennifer Connelly
Paul Sorvino
and Timothy Dalton

Executive Producer Larry Franco

Based Upon the Comic Book Series
"The Rocketeer" created by
Dave Stevens

Story by
Danny Bilson & Paul De Meo & William Dear

Screenplay by
Danny Bilson & Paul De Meo

Produced by
Lawrence Gordon, Charles Gordon and Lloyd Levin

Directed by
Joe Johnston

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